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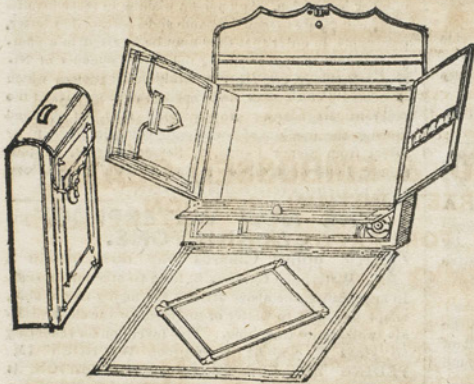
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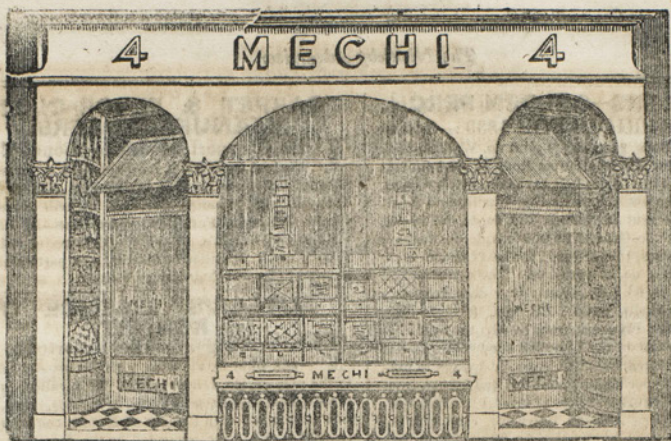
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- GENT'S SILVER AND SHELL TABLETS.

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Submits, to public inspection, his Manufactures, as being of the finest quality which his kingdom can produce, and at moderate prices.

A large Stock of Table Cutlery, Plated Tea and Coffee Services, Dish Covers, Wash Covers, &c.

TO ANGLERS—GOLDEN PERCH.

LIST OF PRICES FOR 1839:—3-joint Bamboo Rods, 2s. each; 4-joint do. Walking-stick Rods, 4s.; 4-joint Hickory Bottom Rods, 7s.; 4-joint best plain Fly Rods, 11s.; 4-joint best Fly Rods, with two tops, winch fittings, socket, spear, landing-handle, and partition-bag, 20s.; 4-joint do. Salmon Rod, do. do. do., 18 feet long, 34s.; 6-joint do. General Rods, 5 tops, do. do. do. 30s.; Patent Taper Lines, 1d. per yard; the best London-made do., 20 yards, 3s.; do. 40 yards, 6s.; Town-made plain Winches from 1s. 6d.; do. multiplying do., from 4s.; Pocket Fishing Stools, 2s. 6d.; Bel line, 40 yards long, and 30 hooks, 1s.; Fly-cases, from 1s. 6d.; the best Files that can be dressed on the Limerick bend hooks, 2s. per dozen, either selected from 300 gross, or dressed to pattern. Patent Taper Quill Floats for Rod fishing, from 6d. each. Catalogues of Prices of several hundred articles, with the Young Angler's Instructor, containing 14 Woodcuts, gratis, on application, or forwarded, in answer to a post-paid letter. Orders from the country, with a remittance, punctually attended to, and any article exchanged if not approved of.—J. CHEEK, Golden Perch, 52, Strand.

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FAMILIES about to Furnish are solicited to inspect the above Ware-rooms, which are replete with elegant goods of a superior description, at exceeding low prices. The following are especially deserving notice:—

BRSSELS CARPETS.—The largest and most splendid collection of new patterns in the metropolis, combining durability of fabric and novelty in design with economy in price.

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BEDDING.—Particular care is given to ensure every article well seasoned, and free from taint.

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Lyons, Hotson, & Co., 293, 294, & 295, High Holborn.

TRESORS POUR LA TOILETTE.

MADLE. THERESE offers to the Nobility and Gentry her TABLETTES, which instantly give Red or Grey Hair the most beautiful shades of Chesnut, Brown, or Black. They are so small as to occupy the least possible space in a dressing-case or trinket box; are perfectly innocent, and do not stain the skin. Likewise, her HUILE RESTORATIVE, which prevents the Hair from falling off or turning grey, and produces a natural curl, particularly to Gentlemen's hair and whiskers. Sold at 150, Oxford-street, opposite New Bond-street. The Tablettes, 10s. each; the Huile, 3s. 6d. per bottle.

THE HIEROKOSMA,

And Tailors' Company, 29, Charing Cross.

THE extravagant charges connected with the credit system, so baneful in their consequences, especially in cases of inexperienced youth, many of whom have been thereby led into habits of extravagance and ultimate ruin, have long been subjects of complaint by a discerning public: to remedy these evils, this establishment has been entered into; and the proprietors feel assured that the quality, style, and the charges for the clothes they supply will be found unparalleled in the kingdom. Gentlemen, call and judge for yourselves.

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THE Cheapest House in London! (for the best Quality). A most splendid Assortment of Elegant and New Designs in Brussels, Kidderminster, Damask, and Venetian Carpets. Hearth Rugs, Floor Cloths, & General Furnishing Warehouse—At Element, Collins, and Knight's, 273, High Holborn, opposite Red Lion-street. Families furnishing, are particularly requested to inspect their immense stock.

BUTLER'S ESSENCE OF RENNET.

THE exciting properties imparted to curds and whey by the wine which is usually employed in the preparation, render it unfit for invalids, in whom the slightest disposition to fever, as in colds, exists. Curds and whey made with Essence of Rennet being free from this objection, is recommended by the faculty in preference to that made with wine. For confectionary purposes, where curds are required, this article will be found very convenient and economical.

TOUS LES MOIS.—A farinaceous substance (procured from the *Canna Coccinea*), for invalids, infants, and children, recommended by Drs. Johnson, Ryan, and Waterson, in preference to Arrow Root, Tapioca, Sago, &c., as being more light and nutritious, and not liable to turn acid on the stomach.

The above are sold by THOMAS BUTLER, Chemist, 4, Cheapside, St. Paul's, London, and 20, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and may be procured, by order, through any Druggist or Grocer.

* * * Ask for "Butler's" Essence of Rennet, and "Butler's" Tous les Mois.

TO COFFEE DRINKERS.

COFFEE made and filtered without waste, as clear as Brandy, in five minutes, with boiling Water, by PALMER'S Improved Pneumatic Filtering Machines; but the finest flavour is obtained from the Coffee by these Machines with cold water only, which is found to extract all the Aroma, apart from the burnt and woody flavour. A concentrated Essence of Coffee is likewise easily made with them, a table-spoonful of which, added to a cup of boiling water, makes a cup of Coffee in the highest perfection, at a moment's notice. They are also adapted for filtering quickly Foreign and British Wines, Liqueurs, Tinctures, Essences, &c.; and make a most valuable and rapid Water Filter. Manufactured and sold, of all sizes, and in great variety of Patterns, in Tin, Japanned Ware, Copper, and British Plate, or in Silver, to order, by E. PALMER, Chemical and Philosophical Instrument Maker, 103, Newgate-street, London. Prices, 20s. 25s. 30s. 42s. and upwards. N.B. The Trade supplied.

Palmer's Filtering Machine.—An improved pneumatic filtering machine has just been introduced by Mr. E. Palmer, a gentleman well known in the scientific world for his improvements in chemical and philosophical instruments. The machine alluded to is admirably adapted for filtering rapidly, and without the least waste, wines, liqueurs, essences, &c.; as well as for preparing coffee in a high state of perfection, which it does in a few seconds. We have partaken of some of the concentrated essence of coffee so prepared, which we consider far preferable to that obtained by the usual process.—*Court Journal*.

Palmer's Filtering Machine.—We have recently inspected a new and valuable pneumatic filtering machine, invented by Mr. E. Palmer, of Newgate-street. This machine, which is of great neatness and originality, produces coffee in the highest state of excellence at a moment's notice, besides being available for the filtering of liqueurs, wines, essences, &c., with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. The concentrated essence of coffee, produced by this unequalled process, surpasses anything of the kind in flavour which has at present come under our notice.—*Blackwood's Ladies' Magazine*.

T. COX SAVORY,
GOLDSMITH, SILVERSMITH, WATCHMAKER, &c.,

47, CORNHILL, LONDON, (SEVEN DOORS FROM GRACECHURCH-STREET.)

NEW SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS, 7s. 2d. PER OZ.

ESTIMATE FOR A VERY COMPLETE SMALL SERVICE OF PLATE.

The prices are subject to the Discount taken off at foot. The quantity of any of the articles mentioned below may be increased or decreased as may be preferred, or a single article may be had if required.

	oz	sd	£	s	d		£	s	d
12 Fiddle pattern Silver Table Spoons	30	7 2	10	15	0				
12 Silver Dessert ditto	20	7 2	7	3	4				
12 Silver Table Forks	30	7 2	10	15	0				
12 Silver Dessert ditto	20	7 2	7	3	4				
2 Silver Gravy Spoons	10	7 2	3	11	8				
1 Silver Soup Ladle	10	7 2	3	11	8				
4 Silver Sauce ditto	10	7 8	3	16	8				
4 Silver Salt Spoons (gilt strong)		1	0	0	0				
1 Silver Fish Slice		2	10	0	0				
12 Silver Tea Spoons	10	7 8	3	16	8				
1 Pair Silver Sugar Tongs		0	16	0	0				
1 Silver moist Sugar Spoon		0	10	0	0				
1 Silver Sugar Sifter		0	17	0	0				
1 Pair of Silver Pickle Forks, ivory handles		0	12	0	0				
1 Silver Butter Knife, ivory handle		0	12	0	0				
12 Pair of Plated Dessert Fruit Knives and Forks, plated on steel blades		3	3	0	0				
24 Best Steel Table Knives with 12 ditto Forks, balanced handles		3	19	0	0				
24 Best Steel Dessert Pie Knives with 12 Forks, balanced handles		2	19	0	0				
1 Pair Poultry Carvers		0	9	0	0				
1 Pair full size Carvers		0	9	0	0				
2 Pair of Plated Candlesticks, 10½ in. high, at 27s. per pair		2	14	0	0				
1 Pair of Plated Candlesticks, 12 in. high		1	18	0	0				
2 Pair of Plated Branches to fit the above, forming together a Candelabra of five lights when required		5	5	0	0				
1 Snuffer Tray, Plated, with Silver Shield		0	15	0	0				
1 Pair Plated Snuffers to match		0	10	0	0				
2 Pair of Plated Decanter Stands, at 20s.		2	0	0	0				
1 Liquor Frame, Plated, with three best cut glass Decanters		3	13	6	0				
1 Cruet Frame, Plated, with seven Cruets of best cut glass, silver mounts to the Mustard Pot and Castors		3	17	0	0				
1 Silver Cottage pattern Coffee Pot		1	15	0	0				
1 Ditto Tea Pot, Silver		1	12	0	0				
1 Ditto Sugar Basin, Silver, gilt inside		0	16	0	0				
1 Ditto Cream Ewer, Silver, gilt inside		4	10	0	0				
1 Pair of Waiters, Plated, 8 inches diameter		2	2	0	0				
1 Waiter, Plated, Silver Shield, 12 in. diameter		2	5	0	0				
Carried forward							£131	13	10
Brought forward							131	13	10
1 Waiter, Plated, 20 inches diameter		9	9	0	0				
1 Pickle Frame, Plated, with three best cut Glasses		2	15	0	0				
1 Egg Frame, Plated, with six Cups, gilt inside		3	5	0	0				
2 Plated Chamber Candlesticks, at 14s.		1	8	0	0				
Plated Epergne, with centre glass and four branches supporting four Dishes; the Dishes take off, and nozzles are replaced for candles, forming a splendid centre piece for the table		8	18	6	0				
Set of four Plated Hash Dishes and Covers, the handles to take off the Covers, so as to form eight Dishes when required		9	9	0	0				
Set of four Plated Dish Covers, one 12 inches, one 14, one 18, and one 20		16	0	0	0				
Plated Soup Tureen to match		6	6	0	0				
4 Plated Sauce Tureens to match		3	8	0	0				
A Plated Hot-Water or Venison Dish for the head of the table		3	8	0	0				
4 Plated Salt Cellars		2	0	0	0				
1 Plated Butter Cooler		2	2	0	0				
1 Plated Bread or Cake Basket		2	10	0	0				
1 Pair of Plated Wine Coolers		7	7	0	0				
1 Plated Toast Rack		0	14	0	0				
1 Bronze Tea Urn		2	6	0	0				
4 Plated Knife Rests		6	10	0	0				
1 Plated Asparagus Tongs		0	17	0	0				
1 Plated Grape Scissors		0	10	0	0				
4 Plated Nutcrackers, at 6s each		1	0	0	0				
4 Plated Bottle Labels, at 2s. 6d. each		0	10	0	0				
Pair of Plated Muffineers		0	10	0	0				
Plated Mustard Pot		0	14	0	0				
Plated Wine Funnel		0	11	6	0				
2 Iron bound Plate Cases to contain the above articles, green baize linings and divisions, patent lock, &c.		14	0	0	0				
Discount off Cutlery 25 per cent, and Plated Goods 10 per cent							242	6	4
							13	16	0
Total							£228	10	4

If for exportation there would be a further deduction of £15, being the drawback allowed by Government on silver exported.

The Service enumerated above is selected so as to furnish strong serviceable articles of elegant plain patterns; but a Pamphlet of thirty-two pages is published by T. Cox Savory, containing a detailed List, illustrated with Drawings of other Patterns of Plate, Plated Goods, &c. The Pamphlet may be had free of charge, by application; or will be sent in reply to a post-paid letter.

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WATCHES ON THIS HIGHLY APPROVED CONSTRUCTION, WITH WELL-FINISHED JEWELLED MOVEMENTS, WARRANTED, ARE OFFERED IN SILVER CASES, PRICE FIVE GUINEAS EACH; IN GOLD CASES WITH SILVER DIALS, NINE GUINEAS EACH; OR IN GOLD CASES WITH GOLD DIALS, TEN GUINEAS EACH.

Watches on the Vertical Construction are offered far cheaper, but unless much thicker, the performance is not so accurate.

N.B.—Second-hand Watches purchased in exchange.

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House in London! (for a most splendid Assortment of Carpets, Harris Rugs, Floor Slings, Washes—At Elms, High Holborn, opposite Red Lion, are particularly recommended.)

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Articles imparted to cards which is usually employed for travellers, in whom never, as in coils, exists. Cards of Essence, being free from any impurities by the facility for use. For confectionary purposes, this article will be found useful.

A ferocious substance (provisions), for travellers, infants, and Dr. Johnson, Ryan, and W. Brown Root, Tapioca, Sage, &c., medicinal, and not liable to rot.

THOMAS BUTLER, Chemist, & 25, Waterloo Place, London, by order, through any

Essence of Essence, and "Bio-

DRINKERS.

and filtered without any injury to the stomach, with Improved Pneumatic Filter, is a device obtained from the cold water only, which is pure, apart from the heated Essence of Coffee is limited to a table-spoonful of which, when mixed with a cup of Coffee in the morning's coffee. They are also for Foreign and British Wines, &c., and make a most excellent Filter. Manufactured and sold by T. Cox Savory, in Tin and British Plate, or in Silver, to the Medical and Philosophical Institutes, &c., London, Price, 25s. N.B. The Trade supplied.

—An improved pneumatic filter, introduced by Mr. E. Cox, in the scientific world, and philosophical interest, and is admirably adapted for the least warm water. It is well as for preparing coffee in which it does in a few seconds of the concentrated essence of coffee, for the preferable in process. —*Cox's Journal.* —We have recently introduced the pneumatic filtering machine, of New York. This is the most perfect and original, and in the most state of excellence as to being available for the filtering of coffee, &c., with a rapidly perfect process, surpasses anything that has at present come under the notice of the public.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING,—With a revival of the beautiful in Nature and of the Gaiety and Fashion attendant on her periodical return, is yet, to many, the Season of inconveniences adverse to a full participation in passing enjoyment: local affections of the Skin, which occur or reappear, as an effect of increasing temperature, are of this kind, but are prevented or removed by

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With a Certainty and SAFETY vouched by an authentic experience of more than EIGHTY YEARS: the elegance of preparation peculiar to this article is an additional recommendation to its general use, and renders it a highly-acceptable appendage of the TOILET, where its qualities, as an infallible preservative of a pure and elastic state of the Skin, and an effective refresher of the Complexion become pleasingly and speedily confirmed.

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The union in this PURE VEGETABLE EXOTIC of many properties conducive to successful Cultivation and Embellishment of the Hair, invites to the COMPARISON of the practical Advantages attending its use, and entirely distinguishes it from the class of COLOURED Oils and factitious Compounds urged upon attention. Mindora Oil is beautifully transparent, of a sweet and agreeable flavour, promotes renewed growth and preserves the ORIGINAL COLOUR of the Hair, and establishes a perfect condition of this admired personal ornament in both Sexes.

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THE DOUDNEY SPRING.

An entirely new, and the most complete mode of fastening the bottoms of Trousers, without anything passing under the feet, and effecting a very far more perfect and sufficient for any number of Trousers, to which no buttons or other appendages of any kind are sewn, which renders it pre-eminently desirable where washing is necessary. It is adjusted in one minute, and fastened or unfastened in a moment, without soiling the hands, in the dirtiest weather. By extending its action along a great portion of the very edge of the Trousers, they are drawn down equally all round, and held close to the heel and sides of the foot, which cannot be attained when buttons are used, because they draw on single points, and cause projections at the sides. It is adapted to all kinds of Trousers, Gaiters, and Caps, and all descriptions of boots, and will follow as quickly as possible. The Doudney Springs are sold on Cards bearing the inventor's Autograph, at SIXPENCE PER SET; and may be obtained in the Country through any respectable Bookseller. For an explanation of the Principles on which his

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Ladies' Habits, Furbies, New Gaiting, Elegantly finished, Plain Suit, Fishing or Shooting Coat, 3 3 0
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40	3 4 7	2 19 6	1 13 1	1 10 10
50	4 12 4	4 5 1	2 13 3	2 4 6
60	6 5 11	6 5 3	4 9 2	3 14 5

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Every description of writer may be suited, as these pens are manufactured of various qualities, degrees of hardness, &c. They may be had of all respectable Stationers throughout the kingdom.

Observe that every Pen is stamped, R. MOSLEY & CO. LONDON.

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practical Advantages attend
and facitious Comounds are
easily thrown, promotes preser
ishes a perfect condition of the
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The quality of our dresses is
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Wool the whole of its softness
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material together; and when in
short Wool, they soon wear long
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Superfine Frock Coat, silk facings	2	10	0
Buckskin Trousers	1	1	0
Cloth or double-milled Cassimere ditto	17s.	6d.	1
New Patterns, Summer Trousers, 10s. 6d. per pr. or 3 pr.	1	10	0
Summer Waistcoats, 7s.; or 3.	1	0	0
Splendid Silk Valencia Dress Waistcoats, 10s. 6d. each, or 5.	1	10	0



FIRST-RATE BOYS' CLOTHING.

Skeleton Dresses	£0	15	0
Tunic and Hussar Suits	1	10	0
Camlet Cloaks	0	3	6
Cloth Cloaks	0	13	6

GENTLEMEN'S

Morning Coats and Dressing Gowns	0	18	0
Petersham Great Coats and Pilot P Jackets, bound, and Velvet Collar	1	10	0
Camlet Cloak, lined all through	1	1	0
Cloth Opera Cloak	1	10	0
Army Cloth Blue Spanish Cloak, 9½ yards round	2	10	0
Super Cloth ditto	3	3	0
Cloth or Tweed Fishing or Travelling Trousers	0	13	6

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CITY CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

Has so many years maintained, being the

BEST AS WELL AS THE CHEAPEST HOUSE,

Readers any Assurance as to STYLE and QUALITY unnecessary. The NOBILITY and GENTRY are invited to the **SHOW-ROOMS, TO VIEW THE IMMENSE & SPLENDID STOCK.**

The numerous Applications for

REGIMENTALS & NAVAL UNIFORMS,

Have induced E. P. D. & SON to make ample Arrangements for an extensive Business in this particular Branch: a perusal of their List of Prices (which can be had gratis) will show the EXORBITANT CHARGES to which OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY HAVE SO LONG BEEN SUBJECTED.



CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR,

Originated by E. P. D. & SON, are universally adopted by CLERGYMEN and PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN, as being MORE REGULAR and ECONOMICAL. THE PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED:—

Two Suits per Year, Superfine,	7	7	—	Extra Saxony, the best that is made,	8	5
Three Suits per Year, ditto	10	17	—	Extra Saxony,	12	6
Four Suits per Year, ditto	14	6	—	Extra Saxony,	15	18

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COUNTRY GENTLEMEN,

Preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus explanatory of the System of Business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be dispatched immediately to wait on them.

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Footman's Suit of Liveries, £3 3. Scarlet Hunting Coat, £3 3

E. P. DOUDNEY AND SON,
49, LOMBARD-STREET. 1784.
 Established

NOTICE.

THE Publishers regret to state, that in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the Artist, the Plates which should have accompanied this Number are unavoidably postponed till next Month, when Four will be given.

186, STRAND,
April 30, 1839.

The Publication of the First Part of
PHIZ'S FANCIES,
AND
A PAPER—OF TOBACCO,
Is Postponed for a short time.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OFFICIATES AS A KIND OF GENTLEMAN USHER, IN BRINGING VARIOUS PEOPLE TOGETHER.

THE storm had long given place to a calm the most profound, and the evening was pretty far advanced—indeed supper was over, and the process of digestion proceeding as favourably as, under the influence of complete tranquillity, cheerful conversation, and a moderate allowance of brandy and water, most wise men conversant with the anatomy and functions of the human frame will consider that it ought to have proceeded, when the three friends, or as one might say, both in a civil and religious sense, and with proper deference and regard to the holy state of matrimony, the two friends, (Mr. and Mrs. Browdie counting as no more than one,) were startled by the noise of loud and angry threatenings below-stairs, which presently attained so high a pitch, and were conveyed besides in language so towering sanguinary and ferocious, that it could hardly have been surpassed, if there had actually been a Saracen's head then present in the establishment, supported on the shoulders and surmounting the trunk of a real, live, furious, and most unappeasable Saracen.

This turmoil, instead of quickly subsiding after the first outburst, (as turmoils not unfrequently do, whether in taverns, legislative assemblies, or elsewhere,) into a mere grumbling and growling squabble, increased every moment; and although the whole din appeared to be raised by but one pair of lungs, yet that one pair was of so powerful a quality, and repeated such words as "scoundrel," "rascal," "insolent puppy," and a variety of expletives no less flattering to the party addressed, with such great relish and strength of tone, that a dozen voices raised in concert under any ordinary circumstances would have made far less uproar and created much smaller consternation.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Nicholas, moving hastily towards the door.

John Browdie was striding in the same direction when Mrs. Browdie turned pale, and, leaning back in her chair, requested him with a faint voice to take notice, that if he ran into any danger it was her intention to fall into hysterics immediately, and that the consequences might be more serious than he thought for. John looked rather disconcerted by this intelligence, though there was a lurking grin on his face at the same time; but, being quite unable to keep out of the fray, he compromised the matter by tucking his wife's arm under his own, and, thus accompanied, following Nicholas down stairs with all speed.

The passage outside the coffee-room door was the scene of disturbance, and here were congregated the coffee-room customers and waiters, together with two or three coachmen and helpers from the yard. These

had hastily assembled round a young man who from his appearance might have been a year or two older than Nicholas, and who, besides having given utterance to the defiance just now described, seemed to have proceeded to even greater lengths in his indignation, inasmuch as his feet had no other covering than a pair of stockings, while a couple of slippers lay at no great distance from the head of a prostrate figure in an opposite corner, who bore the appearance of having been shot into his present retreat by means of a kick, and complimented by having the slippers flung about his ears afterwards.

The coffee-room customers, and the waiters, and the coachmen, and the helpers—not to mention a bar-maid who was looking on from behind an open sash window—seemed at that moment, if a spectator might judge from their winks, nods, and muttered exclamations, strongly disposed to take part against the young gentleman in the stockings. Observing this, and that the young gentleman was nearly of his own age and had in nothing the appearance of an habitual brawler, Nicholas, impelled by such feelings as will influence young men sometimes, felt a very strong disposition to side with the weaker party, and so thrust himself at once into the centre of the group, and in a more emphatic tone perhaps than circumstances might seem to warrant, demanded what all that noise was about.

“Hallo!” said one of the men from the yard, “this is somebody in disguise, this is.”

“Room for the eldest son of the Emperor of Roosher, gen’lmen!” cried another fellow.

Disregarding these sallies, which were uncommonly well received, as sallies at the expense of the best-dressed persons in a crowd usually are, Nicholas glanced carelessly round, and addressing the young gentleman, who had by this time picked up his slippers and thrust his feet into them, repeated his inquiries with a courteous air.

“A mere nothing!” he replied.

At this a murmur was raised by the lookers-on, and some of the boldest cried, “Oh, indeed!—Wasn’t it though?—Nothing, eh?—He called that nothing, did he? Lucky for him if he found it nothing.” These and many other expressions of ironical disapprobation having been exhausted, two or three of the out-of-door fellows began to hustle Nicholas and the young gentleman who had made the noise: stumbling against them by accident, and treading on their toes, and so forth. But this being a round game, and one not necessarily limited to three or four players, was open to John Browdie too, who, bursting into the little crowd—to the great terror of his wife—and falling about in all directions, now to the right, now to the left, now forwards, now backwards, and accidentally driving his elbow through the hat of the tallest helper, who had been particularly active, speedily caused the odds to wear a very different appearance; while more than one stout fellow limped away to a respectful distance, anathematising with tears in his eyes the heavy tread and ponderous feet of the burly Yorkshireman.

“Let me see him do it again,” said he who had been kicked into the

corner, rising as he spoke, apparently more from the fear of John Browdie's inadvertently treading upon him, than from any desire to place himself on equal terms with his late adversary. "Let me see him do it again. That's all."

"Let me hear you make those remarks again," said the young man, "and I'll knock that head of yours in among the wine-glasses behind you there."

Here a waiter who had been rubbing his hands in excessive enjoyment of the scene, so long as only the breaking of heads was in question, adjured the spectators with great earnestness to fetch the police, declaring that otherwise murder would be surely done, and that he was responsible for all the glass and china on the premises.

"No one need trouble himself to stir," said the young gentleman, "I am going to remain in the house all night, and shall be found here in the morning if there is any assault to answer for."

"What did you strike him for?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Ah! what did you strike him for?" demanded the others.

The unpopular gentleman looked coolly round, and addressing himself to Nicholas, said:—

"You inquired just now what was the matter here. The matter is simply this. Yonder person, who was drinking with a friend in the coffee-room when I took my seat there for half an hour before going to bed, (for I have just come off a journey, and preferred stopping here to-night, to going home at this hour, where I was not expected until to-morrow,) chose to express himself in very disrespectful, and insolently familiar terms, of a young lady, whom I recognised from his description and other circumstances, and whom I have the honour to know. As he spoke loud enough to be overheard by the other guests who were present, I informed him most civilly that he was mistaken in his conjectures, which were of an offensive nature, and requested him to forbear. He did so for a little time, but as he chose to renew his conversation when leaving the room, in a more offensive strain than before, I could not refrain from making after him, and facilitating his departure by a kick, which reduced him to the posture in which you saw him just now. I am the best judge of my own affairs, I take it," said the young man, who had certainly not quite recovered from his recent heat, "if anybody here thinks proper to make this quarrel his own, I have not the smallest earthly objection, I do assure him."

Of all possible courses of proceeding under the circumstances detailed, there was certainly not one which, in his then state of mind, could have appeared more laudable to Nicholas than this. There were not many subjects of dispute which at that moment could have come home to his own breast more powerfully, for having the unknown uppermost in his thoughts, it naturally occurred to him that he would have done just the same if any audacious gossiper durst have presumed in his hearing to speak lightly of her. Influenced by these considerations, he espoused the young gentleman's quarrel with great warmth, protesting that he had done quite right, and that he respected him for it; which John

Browdie (albeit not quite clear as to the merits) immediately protested too, with not inferior vehemence.

"Let him take care, that's all," said the defeated party, who was being rubbed down by a waiter, after his recent fall on the dusty boards. "He don't knock me about for nothing, I can tell him that. A pretty state of things, if a man isn't to admire a handsome girl without being beat to pieces for it!"

This reflection appeared to have great weight with the young lady in the bar, who (adjusting her cap as she spoke, and glancing at a mirror) declared that it would be a very pretty state of things indeed; and that if people were to be punished for actions so innocent and natural as that, there would be more people to be knocked down than there would be people to knock them down, and that she wondered what the gentleman meant by it, that she did.

"My dear girl," said the young gentleman in a low voice, advancing towards the sash window.

"Nonsense, sir!" replied the young lady sharply, smiling though as she turned aside, and biting her lip, (whereat Mrs. Browdie, who was still standing on the stairs, glanced at her with disdain, and called to her husband to come away).

"No, but listen to me," said the young man. "If admiration of a pretty face were criminal, I should be the most hopeless person alive, for I cannot resist one. It has the most extraordinary effect upon me, checks and controls me in the most furious and obstinate mood. You see what an effect yours has had upon me already."

"Oh, that's very pretty," replied the young lady, tossing her head, "but—"

"Yes, I know it's very pretty," said the young man, looking with an air of admiration in the bar-maid's face, "I said so, you know, just this moment. But beauty should be spoken of respectfully—respectfully, and in proper terms, and with a becoming sense of its worth and excellence, whereas this fellow has no more notion——"

The young lady interrupted the conversation at this point, by thrusting her head out of the bar-window, and inquiring of the waiter in a shrill voice whether that young man who had been knocked down was going to stand in the passage all night, or whether the entrance was to be left clear for other people. The waiters taking the hint, and communicating it to the hostlers, were not slow to change their tone too, and the result was, that the unfortunate victim was bundled out in a twinkling.

"I am sure I have seen that fellow before," said Nicholas.

"Indeed!" replied his new acquaintance.

"I am certain of it," said Nicholas, pausing to reflect. "Where can I have—stop!—yes, to be sure—he belongs to a register-office up at the west end of the town. I knew I recollected the face."

It was, indeed, Tom—the ugly clerk.

"That's odd enough!" said Nicholas, ruminating upon the strange manner in which that register-office seemed to start up and stare him in the face every now and then, and when he least expected it.

"I am much obliged to you for your kind advocacy of my cause when it most needed an advocate," said the young man, laughing, and drawing a card from his pocket. "Perhaps you'll do me the favour to let me know where I can thank you."

Nicholas took the card, and glancing at it involuntarily as he returned the compliment, evinced very great surprise.

"Mr. Frank Cheeryble!" said Nicholas. "Surely not the nephew of Cheeryble Brothers, who is expected to-morrow!"

"I don't usually call myself the nephew of the firm," returned Mr. Frank, good-humouredly, "but of the two excellent individuals who compose it, I am proud to say I *am* the nephew. And you, I see, are Mr. Nickleby, of whom I have heard so much! This is a most unexpected meeting, but not the less welcome I assure you."

Nicholas responded to these compliments with others of the same kind, and they shook hands warmly. Then he introduced John Browdie, who had remained in a state of great admiration ever since the young lady in the bar had been so skilfully won over to the right side. Then Mrs. John Browdie was introduced, and finally they all went up-stairs together and spent the next half hour with great satisfaction and mutual entertainment; Mrs. John Browdie beginning the conversation by declaring that of all the made-up things she ever saw, that young woman below-stairs was the vainest and the plainest.

This Mr. Frank Cheeryble, although, to judge from what had recently taken place, a hot-headed young man, (which is not an absolute miracle and phenomenon in nature) was a sprightly, good-humoured, pleasant fellow, with much both in his countenance and disposition that reminded Nicholas very strongly of the kind-hearted brothers. His manner was as unaffected as theirs, and his demeanour full of that heartiness which, to most people who have anything generous in their composition, is peculiarly prepossessing. Add to this, that he was good-looking and intelligent, had a plentiful share of vivacity, was extremely cheerful, and accommodated himself in five minutes' time to all John Browdie's oddities with as much ease as if he had known him from a boy; and it will be a source of no great wonder that, when they parted for the night, he had produced a most favourable impression, not only upon the worthy Yorkshireman and his wife, but upon Nicholas also, who, revolving all these things in his mind as he made the best of his way home, arrived at the conclusion that he had laid the foundation of a most agreeable and desirable acquaintance.

"But it's a most extraordinary thing about that register-office fellow!" thought Nicholas. "Is it likely that this nephew can know anything about that beautiful girl? When Tim Linkinwater gave me to understand the other day that he was coming to take a share in the business here, he said he had been superintending it in Germany for four years, and that during the last six months he had been engaged in establishing an agency in the north of England. That's four years and a half—four years and a half. She can't be more than seventeen—say eighteen at the outside. She was quite a child when he went away, then. I should say he knew nothing about her and had never seen her, so *he* can give

me no information. At all events," thought Nicholas, coming to the real point in his mind, "there can be no danger of any prior occupation of her affections in that quarter; that's quite clear."

Is selfishness a necessary ingredient in the composition of that passion called love, or does it deserve all the fine things which poets, in the exercise of their undoubted vocation, have said of it? There are, no doubt, authenticated instances of gentlemen having given up ladies and ladies having given up gentlemen to meritorious rivals, under circumstances of great high-mindedness; but is it quite established that the majority of such ladies and gentlemen have not made a virtue of necessity, and nobly resigned what was beyond their reach; as a private soldier might register a vow never to accept the order of the Garter, or a poor curate of great piety and learning, but of no family—save a very large family of children—might renounce a bishopric?

Here was Nicholas Nickleby, who would have scorned the thought of counting how the chances stood of his rising in favour or fortune with the Brothers Cheeryble, now that their nephew had returned, already deep in calculations whether that same nephew was likely to rival him in the affections of the fair unknown—discussing the matter with himself too, as gravely as if, with that one exception, it were all settled; and recurring to the subject again and again, and feeling quite indignant and ill-used at the notion of anybody else making love to one with whom he had never exchanged a word in all his life. To be sure, he exaggerated rather than depreciated the merits of his new acquaintance; but still he took it as a kind of personal offence that he should have any merits at all—in the eyes of this particular young lady, that is; for elsewhere he was quite welcome to have as many as he pleased. There was undoubted selfishness in all this, and yet Nicholas was of a most free and generous nature, with as few mean or sordid thoughts, perhaps, as ever fell to the lot of any man; and there is no reason to suppose that, being in love, he felt and thought differently from other people in the like sublime condition.

He did not stop to set on foot an inquiry into his train of thought or state of feeling, however, but went thinking on all the way home, and continued to dream on in the same strain all night. For, having satisfied himself that Frank Cheeryble could have no knowledge of, or acquaintance with the mysterious young lady, it began to occur to him that even he himself might never see her again; upon which hypothesis he built up a very ingenious succession of tormenting ideas which answered his purpose even better than the vision of Mr. Frank Cheeryble, and tantalized and worried him, waking and sleeping.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and sung to the contrary, there is no well-established case of morning having either deferred or hastened its approach by the term of an hour or so for the mere gratification of a splenetic feeling against some unoffending lover: the sun having, in the discharge of his public duty, as the books of precedent report, invariably risen according to the almanacks, and without suffering himself to be swayed by any private considerations. So, morning came as usual and with it business-hours, and with them Mr. Frank

Cheeryble, and with him a long train of smiles and welcomes from the worthy brothers, and a more grave and clerk-like, but scarcely less hearty reception, from Mr. Timothy Linkinwater.

"That Mr. Frank and Mr. Nickleby should have met last night," said Tim Linkinwater, getting slowly off his stool, and looking round the counting-house with his back planted against the desk, as was his custom when he had anything very particular to say—"that those two young men should have met last night in that manner is, I say, a coincidence—a remarkable coincidence. Why, I don't believe now," added Tim, taking off his spectacles, and smiling as with gentle pride, "that there's such a place in all the world for coincidences as London is!"

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Frank; "but—"

"Don't know about it, Mr. Francis!" interrupted Tim, with an obstinate air. "Well, but let us know. If there is any better place for such things, where is it? Is it in Europe? No, that it isn't. Is it in Asia? Why, of course it's not. Is it in Africa? Not a bit of it. Is it in America? *You* know better than that, at all events. Well, then," said Tim, folding his arms resolutely, "where is it?"

"I was not about to dispute the point, Tim," said young Cheeryble, laughing. "I am not such a heretic as that. All I was going to say was, that I hold myself under an obligation to the coincidence, that's all."

"Oh! if you don't dispute it," said Tim, quite satisfied, "that's another thing. I'll tell you what though—I wish you had. I wish you or anybody would. I would so put that man down," said Tim, tapping the forefinger of his left hand emphatically with his spectacles, "so put that man down by argument—"

It was quite impossible to find language to express the degree of mental prostration to which such an adventurous wight would be reduced in the keen encounter with Tim Linkinwater, so Tim gave up the rest of his declaration in pure lack of words, and mounted his stool again.

"We may consider ourselves, brother Ned," said Charles, after he had patted Tim Linkinwater approvingly on the back, "very fortunate in having two such young men about us as our nephew Frank and Mr. Nickleby. It should be a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to us."

"Certainly, Charles, certainly," returned the other.

"Of Tim," added brother Ned, "I say nothing whatever, because Tim is a mere child—an infant—a nobody—that we never think of or take into account at all. Tim, you villain, what do you say to that, sir?"

"I am jealous of both of 'em," said Tim, "and mean to look out for another situation; so provide yourselves, gentlemen, if you please."

Tim thought this such an exquisite, unparalleled, and most extraordinary joke, that he laid his pen upon the inkstand, and rather tumbling off his stool than getting down with his usual deliberation, laughed till he was quite faint, shaking his head all the time so that little particles of powder flew palpably about the office. Nor were the brothers at all behind-hand, for they laughed almost as heartily at the ludicrous idea

of any voluntary separation between themselves and old Tim. Nicholas and Mr. Frank laughed quite boisterously, perhaps to conceal some other emotion awakened by this little incident, (and, so indeed, did the three old fellows after the first burst,) so perhaps there was as much keen enjoyment and relish in that laugh altogether, as the politest assembly ever derived from the most poignant witticism uttered at any one person's expense.

"Mr. Nickleby," said brother Charles, calling him aside, and taking him kindly by the hand, "I—I—am anxious, my dear sir, to see that you are properly and comfortably settled in the cottage. We cannot allow those who serve us well to labour under any privation or discomfort that it is in our power to remove. I wish, too, to see your mother and sister—to know them, Mr. Nickleby, and have an opportunity of relieving their minds by assuring them that any trifling service we have been able to do them is a great deal more than repaid by the zeal and ardour you display.—Not a word, my dear sir, I beg. To-morrow is Sunday. I shall make bold to come out at tea-time, and take the chance of finding you at home; if you are not, you know, or the ladies should feel a delicacy in being intruded on, and would rather not be known to me just now, why I can come again another time, any other time would do for me. Let it remain upon that understanding. Brother Ned, my dear fellow, let me have a word with you this way."

The twins went out of the office arm in arm, and Nicholas, who saw in this act of kindness, and many others of which he had been the subject that morning, only so many delicate renewals of the arrival of their nephew of the kind assurances which the brothers had given him in his absence, could scarcely feel sufficient admiration and gratitude for such extraordinary consideration.

The intelligence that they were to have a visitor—and such a visitor—next day, awakened in the breast of Mrs. Nickleby mingled feelings of exultation and regret; for whereas on the one hand she hailed it as an omen of her speedy restoration to good society and the almost-forgotten pleasures of morning calls and evening tea-drinkings, she could not, on the other, but reflect with bitterness of spirit on the absence of a silver teapot with an ivory knob on the lid, and a milk-jug to match, which had been the pride of her heart in days of yore, and had been kept from year's end to year's end wrapped up in wash-leather on a certain top shelf which now presented itself in lively colours to her sorrowing imagination.

"I wonder who's got that spice-box," said Mrs. Nickleby, shaking her head. "It used to stand in the left-hand corner, next but two to the pickled onions. You remember that spice-box, Kate?"

"Perfectly well, mama."

"I shouldn't think you did, Kate," returned Mrs. Nickleby, in a severe manner, "talking about it in that cold and unfeeling way! If there is any one thing that vexes me in these losses more than the losses themselves, I do protest and declare," said Mrs. Nickleby, rubbing her nose with an impassioned air, "that it is to have people about me who take things with such provoking calmness."

"My dear mama," said Kate, stealing her arm round her mother's neck, "why do you say what I know you cannot seriously mean or think, or why be angry with me for being happy and content? You and Nicholas are left to me, we are together once again, and what regard can I have for a few trifling things of which we never feel the want? When I have seen all the misery and desolation that death can bring, and known the lonesome feeling of being solitary and alone in crowds, and all the agony of separation in grief and poverty when we most needed comfort and support from each other, can you wonder that I look upon this as a place of such delicious quiet and rest, that with you beside me I have nothing to wish for or regret? There was a time, and not long since, when all the comforts of our old home did come back upon me, I own, very often—oftener than you would think perhaps—but I affected to care nothing for them, in the hope that you would so be brought to regret them less. I was not insensible, indeed. I might have felt happier if I had been. Dear mama," said Kate, in great agitation, "I know no difference between this home and that in which we were all so happy for so many years, except that the kindest and gentlest heart that ever ached on earth has passed in peace to heaven."

"Kate my dear, Kate," cried Mrs. Nickleby, folding her in her arms.

"I have so often thought," sobbed Kate, "of all his kind words—of the last time he looked into my little room, as he passed up-stairs to bed, and said, 'God bless you, darling.' There was a paleness in his face, mama—the broken heart—I know it was—I little thought so—then—"

A gush of tears came to her relief, and Kate laid her head upon her mother's breast, and wept like a little child.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, accustomed to give ready utterance to whatever came uppermost in her mind, had never conceived the possibility of her daughter's dwelling upon these thoughts in secret, the more especially as no hard trial or querulous reproach had ever drawn them from her. But now, when the happiness of all that Nicholas had just told them, and of their new and peaceful life, brought these recollections so strongly upon Kate that she could not suppress them, Mrs. Nickleby began to have a glimmering that she had been rather thoughtless now and then, and was conscious of something like self-reproach as she embraced her daughter, and yielded to the emotions which such a conversation naturally awakened.

There was a mighty bustle that night, and a vast quantity of preparation for the expected visitor, and a very large nosegay was brought from a gardener's hard by and cut up into a number of very small ones with which Mrs. Nickleby would have garnished the little sitting-room, in a style that certainly could not have failed to attract anybody's attention, if Kate had not offered to spare her the trouble, and arranged them in the prettiest and neatest manner possible. If the cottage ever looked pretty, it must have been on such a bright and sunshiny day as the next day was. But Smike's pride in the garden, or Mrs. Nickleby's in the condition of the furniture, or Kate's in everything, was nothing to the pride with which Nicholas looked at Kate herself; and surely the costliest mansion in all England might have found in her beautiful face and graceful form its most exquisite and peerless ornament.

About six o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Nickleby was thrown into a great flutter of spirits by the long-expected knock at the door, nor was this flutter at all composed by the audible tread of two pair of boots in the passage, which Mrs. Nickleby augured, in a breathless state, must be "the two Mr. Cheerybles;" as it certainly was, though not the two Mrs. Nickleby expected, because it was Mr. Charles Cheeryble, and his nephew, Mr. Frank, who made a thousand apologies for his intrusion, which Mrs. Nickleby (having tea-spoons enough and to spare for all) most graciously received. Nor did the appearance of this unexpected visitor occasion the least embarrassment, (save in Kate, and that only to the extent of a blush or two at first,) for the old gentleman was so kind and cordial, and the young gentleman imitated him in this respect so well, that the usual stiffness and formality of a first meeting showed no signs of appearing, and Kate really more than once detected herself in the very act of wondering when it was going to begin.

At the tea-table there was plenty of conversation on a great variety of subjects, nor were there wanting jocose matters of discussion, such as they were; for young Mr. Cheeryble's recent stay in Germany happening to be alluded to, old Mr. Cheeryble informed the company that the aforesaid young Mr. Cheeryble was suspected to have fallen deeply in love with the daughter of a certain German burgomaster. This accusation young Mr. Cheeryble most indignantly repelled, upon which Mrs. Nickleby slyly remarked, that she suspected, from the very warmth of the denial, there must be something in it. Young Mr. Cheeryble then earnestly entreated old Mr. Cheeryble to confess that it was all a jest, which old Mr. Cheeryble at last did, young Mr. Cheeryble being so much in earnest about it, that—as Mrs. Nickleby said many thousand times afterwards in recalling the scene—he "quite coloured," which she rightly considered a memorable circumstance, and one worthy of remark, young men not being as a class remarkable for modesty or self-denial, especially when there is a lady in the case, when, if they colour at all, it is rather their practice to colour the story, and not themselves.

After tea there was a walk in the garden, and the evening being very fine they strolled out at the garden gate into some lanes and bye-roads, and sauntered up and down until it grew quite dark. The time seemed to pass very quickly with all the party. Kate went first, leaning upon

her brother's arm, and talking with him and Mr. Frank Cheeryble; and Mrs. Nickleby and the elder gentleman followed at a short distance, the kindness of the good merchant, his interest in the welfare of Nicholas, and his admiration of Kate, so operating upon the good lady's feelings, that the usual current of her speech was confined within very narrow and circumscribed limits. Smike (who, if he had ever been an object of interest in his life, had been one that day) accompanied them, joining sometimes one group and sometimes the other, as brother Charles, laying his hand upon his shoulder, bade him walk with him, or Nicholas, looking smilingly round, beckoned him to come and talk with the old friend who understood him best, and who could win a smile into his care-worn face when none else could.

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope. This was the pride which swelled Mrs. Nickleby's heart that night, and this it was which left upon her face, glistening in the light when they returned home, traces of the most grateful tears she had ever shed.

There was a quiet mirth about the little supper, which harmonized exactly with this tone of feeling, and at length the two gentlemen took their leave. There was one circumstance in the leave-taking which occasioned a vast deal of smiling and pleasantry, and that was, that Mr. Frank Cheeryble offered his hand to Kate twice over, quite forgetting that he had bade her adieu already. This was held by the elder Mr. Cheeryble to be a convincing proof that he was thinking of his German flame, and the jest occasioned immense laughter. So easy is it to move light hearts.

In short, it was a day of serene and tranquil happiness; and as we all have some bright day—many of us, let us hope, among a crowd of others—to which we revert with particular delight, so this one was often looked back to afterwards, as holding a conspicuous place in the calendar of those who shared it.

Was there one exception, and that one he who needed to have been most happy?

Who was that who, in the silence of his own chamber, sunk upon his knees to pray as his first friend had taught him, and folding his hands and stretching them wildly in the air, fell upon his face in a passion of bitter grief?

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. RALPH NICKLEBY CUTS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE. IT WOULD ALSO APPEAR FROM THE CONTENTS HEREOF, THAT A JOKE, EVEN BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE, MAY BE SOMETIMES CARRIED TOO FAR.

THERE are some men, who, living with the one object of enriching themselves, no matter by what means, and being perfectly conscious of the baseness and rascality of the means which they will use every day

towards this end, affect nevertheless—even to themselves—a high tone of moral rectitude, and shake their heads and sigh over the depravity of the world. Some of the craftiest scoundrels that ever walked this earth, or rather—for walking implies, at least, an erect position and the bearing of a man—that ever crawled and crept through life by its dirtiest and narrowest ways, will gravely jot down in diaries the events of every day, and keep a regular debtor and creditor account with heaven, which shall always show a floating balance in their own favour. Whether this is a gratuitous (the only gratuitous) part of the falsehood and trickery of such men's lives, or whether they really hope to cheat heaven itself, and lay up treasure in the next world by the same process which has enabled them to lay up treasure in this—not to question how it is, so it is. And, doubtless, such book-keeping (like certain autobiographies which have enlightened the world) cannot fail to prove serviceable, in the one respect of sparing the recording Angel some time and labour.

Ralph Nickleby was not a man of this stamp. Stern, unyielding, dogged, and impenetrable, Ralph cared for nothing in life, or beyond it, save the gratification of two passions, avarice, the first and predominant appetite of his nature, and hatred, the second. Affecting to consider himself but a type of all humanity, he was at little pains to conceal his true character from the world in general, and in his own heart he exulted over and cherished every bad design as it had birth. The only scriptural admonition that Ralph Nickleby heeded, in the letter, was "know thyself." He knew himself well, and choosing to imagine that all mankind were cast in the same mould, hated them; for, though no man hates himself, the coldest among us having too much self-love for that, yet, most men unconsciously judge the world from themselves, and it will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

But the present business of these adventures is with Ralph himself, who stood regarding Newman Noggs with a heavy frown, while that worthy took off his fingerless gloves, and spreading them carefully on the palm of his left hand, and flattening them with his right to take the creases out, proceeded to roll them up with an absent air as if he were utterly regardless of all things else, in the deep interest of the ceremonial.

"Gone out of town!" said Ralph, slowly. "A mistake of yours. Go back again."

"No mistake," returned Newman. "Not even going;—gone."

"Has he turned girl or baby?" muttered Ralph, with a fretful gesture.

"I don't know," said Newman, "but he's gone."

The repetition of the word, "gone," seemed to afford Newman Noggs inexpressible delight, in proportion as it annoyed Ralph Nickleby. He uttered the word with a full round emphasis, dwelling upon it as long as he decently could, and when he could hold out no longer without attracting observation, stood gasping it to himself, as if even that were a satisfaction.

"And *where* has he gone?" said Ralph.

"France," replied Newman. "Danger of another attack of erysipelas—a worse attack—in the head. So the doctors ordered him off. And he's gone."

"And Lord Frederick——?" began Ralph.

"He's gone too," replied Newman.

"And he carries his drubbing with him, does he!" said Ralph, turning away—"pockets his bruises, and sneaks off without the retaliation of a word, or seeking the smallest reparation!"

"He's too ill," said Newman.

"Too ill!" repeated Ralph. "Why *I* would have it if I were dying; in that case I should only be the more determined to have it, and that without delay—I mean if I were he. But he's too ill! Poor Sir Mulberry! Too ill!"

Uttering these words with supreme contempt and great irritation of manner, Ralph signed hastily to Newman to leave the room; and throwing himself into his chair, beat his foot impatiently upon the ground.

"There is some spell about that boy," said Ralph, grinding his teeth. "Circumstances conspire to help him. Talk of fortune's favours! What is even money to such Devil's luck as this!"

He thrust his hands impatiently into his pockets, but notwithstanding his previous reflection there was some consolation there, for his face relaxed a little; and although there was still a deep frown upon the contracted brow, it was one of calculation, and not of disappointment.

"This Hawk will come back, however," muttered Ralph; "and if I know the man—and I should by this time—his wrath will have lost nothing of its violence in the meanwhile. Obligated to live in retirement—the monotony of a sick room to a man of his habits—no life—no drink—no play—nothing that he likes and lives by. He is not likely to forget his obligations to the cause of all this. Few men would; but he of all others—no, no!"

He smiled and shook his head, and resting his chin upon his hand fell a musing, and smiled again. After a time he rose and rang the bell.

"That Mr. Squeers; has he been here?" said Ralph.

"He was here last night. I left him here when I went home," returned Newman.

"I know that, fool, do I not?" said Ralph, irascibly. "Has he been here since? Was he here this morning?"

"No," bawled Newman, in a very loud key.

"If he comes while I am out—he is pretty sure to be here by nine to-night, let him wait. And if there's another man with him, as there will be—perhaps," said Ralph, checking himself, "let him wait too."

"Let 'em both wait?" said Newman.

"Ay," replied Ralph, turning upon him with an angry look. "Help me on with this spencer, and don't repeat after me, like a croaking parrot."

"I wish I was a parrot," said Newman, sulkily.

"I wish you were," rejoined Ralph, drawing his spencer on; "I'd have wrung your neck long ago."

Newman returned no answer to this compliment, but looked over Ralph's shoulder for an instant, (he was adjusting the collar of the spencer behind, just then,) as if he were strongly disposed to tweak him by the nose. Meeting Ralph's eye, however, he suddenly recalled his wandering fingers, and rubbed his own red nose with a vehemence quite astonishing.

Bestowing no further notice upon his eccentric follower than a threatening look, and an admonition to be careful and make no mistake, Ralph took his hat and gloves, and walked out.

He appeared to have a very extraordinary and miscellaneous connexion, and very odd calls he made—some at great rich houses, and some at small poor ones—but all upon one subject: money. His face was a talisman to the porters and servants of his more dashing clients, and procured him ready admission, though he trudged on foot, and others, who were denied, rattled to the door in carriages. Here he was all softness and cringing civility; his step so light, that it scarcely produced a sound upon the thick carpets; his voice so soft, that it was not audible beyond the person to whom it was addressed. But in the poorer habitations Ralph was another man; his boots creaked upon the passage floor as he walked boldly in, his voice was harsh and loud as he demanded the money that was overdue; his threats were coarse and angry. With another class of customers, Ralph was again another man. These were attorneys of more than doubtful reputation, who helped him to new business, or raised fresh profits upon old. With them Ralph was familiar and jocose—humorous upon the topics of the day, and especially pleasant upon bankruptcies and pecuniary difficulties that made good for trade. In short, it would have been difficult to have recognised the same man under these various aspects, but for the bulky leather case full of bills and notes which he drew from his pocket at every house, and the constant repetition of the same complaint, (varied only in tone and style of delivery,) that the world thought him rich, and that perhaps he might be if he had his own; but there was no getting money in when it was once out, either principal or interest, and it was a hard matter to live—even to live from day to day.

It was evening before a long round of such visits (interrupted only by a scanty dinner at an eating-house) terminated at Pimlico, and Ralph walked along Saint James's Park, on his way home.

There were some deep schemes in his head, as the puckered brow and firmly-set mouth would have abundantly testified, even if they had been unaccompanied by a complete indifference to, or unconsciousness of, the objects about him. So complete was his abstraction, however, that Ralph, usually as quick-sighted as any man, did not observe that he was followed by a shambling figure, which at one time stole behind him with noiseless footsteps, at another crept a few paces before him, and at another glided along by his side; at all times regarding him with an eye so keen, and a look so eager and attentive, that it was more like the expression of an intrusive face in some powerful picture or strongly-marked dream, than the scrutiny even of a most interested and anxious observer.

The sky had been lowering and dark for some time, and the commencement of a violent storm of rain drove Ralph for shelter to a tree. He was leaning against it with folded arms, still buried in thought, when, happening to raise his eyes, he suddenly met those of a man who, creeping round the trunk, peered into his face with a searching look. There was something in the usurer's expression at the moment, which the man appeared to remember well, for it decided him; and stepping close up to Ralph, he pronounced his name.

Astonished for the moment, Ralph fell back a couple of paces, and surveyed him from head to foot. A spare, dark, withered man, of about his own age, with a stooping body, and a very sinister face rendered more ill-favoured by hollow and hungry cheeks, deeply sunburnt, and thick black eye-brows, blacker in contrast with the perfect whiteness of his hair; roughly clothed in shabby garments, of a strange and uncouth make; and having about him an indefinable manner of depression and degradation;—this, for a moment, was all he saw. But he looked again, and the face and person seemed gradually to grow less strange; to change as he looked, to subside and soften into lineaments that were familiar, until at last they resolved themselves, as if by some strange optical illusion, into those of one whom he had known for many years, and forgotten and lost sight of for nearly as many more.

The man saw that the recognition was mutual, and beckoning to Ralph to take his former place under the tree, and not to stand in the falling rain, of which, in his first surprise, he had been quite regardless, addressed him in a hoarse, faint tone.

"You would hardly have known me from my voice, I suppose, Mr. Nickleby?" he said.

"No," returned Ralph, bending a severe look upon him. "Though there is something in that, that I remember now."

"There is little in me that you can call to mind as having been there eight years ago, I dare say?" observed the other.

"Quite enough," said Ralph, carelessly, and averting his face. "More than enough."

"If I had remained in doubt about *you*, Mr. Nickleby," said the other, "this reception, and *your* manner, would have decided me very soon."

"Did you expect any other?" asked Ralph, sharply.

"No!" said the man.

"You were right," retorted Ralph; "and as you feel no surprise, need express none."

"Mr. Nickleby," said the man, bluntly, after a brief pause, during which he had seemed to struggle with an inclination to answer him by some reproach, "will you hear a few words that I have to say?"

"I am obliged to wait here till the rain holds a little," said Ralph, looking abroad. "If you talk, sir, I shall not put my fingers in my ears, though your talking may have as much effect as if I did."

"I was once in your confidence—," thus his companion began. Ralph looked round, and smiled involuntarily.

"Well," said the other, "as much in your confidence as you ever chose to let anybody be."

"Ah!" rejoined Ralph, folding his arms; "that's another thing—quite another thing."

"Don't let us play upon words, Mr. Nickleby, in the name of humanity."

"Of what?" said Ralph.

"Of humanity," replied the other, sternly. "I am hungry and in want. If the change that you must see in me after so long an absence—must see, for I, upon whom it has come by slow and hard degrees, see it and know it well—will not move you to pity, let the knowledge that bread; not the daily bread of the Lord's Prayer, which, as it is offered up in cities like this, is understood to include half the luxuries of the world for the rich and just as much coarse food as will support life for the poor—not that, but bread, a crust of dry hard bread, is beyond my reach to-day—let that have some weight with you, if nothing else has."

"If this is the usual form in which you beg, sir," said Ralph, "you have studied your part well; but if you will take advice from one who knows something of the world and its ways, I should recommend a lower tone—a little lower tone, or you stand a fair chance of being starved in good earnest."

As he said this, Ralph clenched his left wrist tightly with his right hand, and inclining his head a little on one side and dropping his chin upon his breast, looked at him whom he addressed with a frowning, sullen face: the very picture of a man whom nothing could move or soften.

"Yesterday was my first day in London," said the old man, glancing at his travel-stained dress and worn shoes.

"It would have been better for you, I think, if it had been your last also," replied Ralph.

"I have been seeking you these two days, where I thought you were most likely to be found," resumed the other more humbly, "and I met you here at last, when I had almost given up the hope of encountering you, Mr. Nickleby."

He seemed to wait for some reply, but Ralph giving him none, he continued—

"I am a most miserable and wretched outcast, nearly sixty years old, and as destitute and helpless as a child of six."

"I am sixty years old, too," replied Ralph, "and am neither destitute nor helpless. Work. Don't make fine play-acting speeches about bread, but earn it."

"How?" cried the other. "Where? Show me the means. Will you give them to me—will you?"

"I did once," replied Ralph, composedly, "you scarcely need ask me whether I will again."

"It's twenty years ago, or more," said the man, in a suppressed voice, "since you and I fell out. You remember that? I claimed a share in the profits of some business I brought to you, and, as I persisted, you arrested me for an old advance of ten pounds, odd shillings—including interest at fifty per cent., or so."

"I remember something of it," replied Ralph, carelessly. "What then?"

"That didn't part us," said the man. "I made submission, being on the wrong side of the bolts and bars; and as you were not the made man then that you are now, you were glad enough to take back a clerk who wasn't over nice, and who knew something of the trade you drove."

"You begged and prayed, and I consented," returned Ralph. "That was kind of me. Perhaps I did want you—I forget. I should think I did, or you would have begged in vain. You were useful—not too honest, not too delicate, not too nice of hand or heart—but useful."

"Useful, indeed!" said the man. "Come. You had pinched and ground me down for some years before that, but I had served you faithfully up to that time, in spite of all your dog's usage—had I?"

Ralph made no reply.

"Had I?" said the man again.

"You had had your wages," rejoined Ralph, "and had done your work. We stood on equal ground so far, and could both cry quits."

"Then, but not afterwards," said the other.

"Not afterwards, certainly, nor even then, for (as you have just said) you owed me money, and do still," replied Ralph.

"That's not all," said the man, eagerly. "That's not all. Mark that. I didn't forget that old sore, trust me. Partly in remembrance of that, and partly in the hope of making money some day by the scheme, I took advantage of my position about you, and possessed myself of a hold upon you, which you would give half of all you have, to know, and never can know but through me. I left you—long after that time, remember—and, for some poor trickery that came within the law, but was nothing to what you money-makers daily practise just outside its bounds, was sent away a convict for seven years. I have returned what you see me. Now, Mr. Nickleby," said the man, with a strange mixture of humility and sense of power, "what help and assistance will you give me—what bribe, to speak out plainly? My expectations are not monstrous, but I must live, and to live I must eat and drink. Money is on your side, and hunger and thirst on mine. You may drive an easy bargain."

"Is that all?" said Ralph, still eyeing his companion with the same steady look, and moving nothing but his lips.

"It depends on you, Mr. Nickleby, whether that's all or not," was the rejoinder.

"Why then, harkye, Mr. —, I don't know by what name I am to call you," said Ralph.

"By my old one, if you like."

"Why, then, harkye, Mr. Brooker," said Ralph, in his harshest accents, "and don't expect to draw another speech from me—harkye, sir. I know you of old for a ready scoundrel, but you never had a stout heart; and hard work, with (maybe) chains upon those legs of yours, and shorter food than when I 'pinched' and 'ground' you, has blunted your wits, or you would not come with such a tale as this to me. You a hold upon me! Keep it, or publish it to the world, if you like."

"I can't do that," interposed Brooker. "That wouldn't serve me."

"Wouldn't it?" said Ralph. "It will serve you as much as bringing

it to me, I promise you. To be plain with you, I am a careful man, and know my affairs thoroughly. I know the world, and the world knows me. Whatever you gleaned, or heard, or saw, when you served me, the world knows and magnifies already. You could tell it nothing that would surprise it—unless, indeed, it redounded to my credit or honour, and then it would scout you for a liar. And yet I don't find business slack, or clients scrupulous. Quite the contrary. I am reviled or threatened every day by one man or another," said Ralph; "but things roll on just the same, and I don't grow poorer either."

"I neither revile nor threaten," rejoined the man. "I can tell you of what you have lost by my act, what I only can restore, and what, if I die without restoring, dies with me, and never can be regained."

"I tell my money pretty accurately, and generally keep it in my own custody," said Ralph. "I look sharply after most men that I deal with, and most of all I looked sharply after you. You are welcome to all you have kept from me."

"Are those of your own name dear to you?" said the man emphatically. "If they are——"

"They are not," returned Ralph, exasperated at this perseverance, and the thought of Nicholas, which the last question awakened. "They are not. If you had come as a common beggar, I might have thrown a sixpence to you in remembrance of the clever knave you used to be; but since you try to palm these stale tricks upon one you might have known better, I'll not part with a halfpenny—nor would I to save you from rotting. And remember this, 'scape-gallows," said Ralph, menacing him with his hand, "that if we meet again, and you so much as notice me by one begging gesture, you shall see the inside of a jail once more, and tighten this hold upon me in intervals of the hard labour that vagabonds are put to. There's my answer to your trash. Take it."

With a disdainful scowl at the object of his anger, who met his eye but uttered not a word, Ralph walked away at his usual pace, without manifesting the slightest curiosity to see what became of his late companion, or indeed once looking behind him. The man remained on the same spot with his eyes fixed upon his retreating figure until it was lost to view, and then drawing his arms about his chest, as if the damp and lack of food struck coldly to him, lingered with slouching steps by the wayside, and begged of those who passed along.

Ralph, in no-wise moved by what had lately passed, further than as he had already expressed himself, walked deliberately on, and turning out of the Park and leaving Golden Square on his right, took his way through some streets at the west end of the town until he arrived in that particular one in which stood the residence of Madame Mantalini. The name of that lady no longer appeared on the flaming door-plate, that of Miss Knag being substituted in its stead; but the bonnets and dresses were still dimly visible in the first-floor windows by the decaying light of a summer's evening, and, excepting this ostensible alteration in the proprietorship, the establishment wore its old appearance.

"Humph!" muttered Ralph, drawing his hand across his mouth with a connoisseur-like air, and surveying the house from top to bottom;

"these people look pretty well. They can't last long; but if I know of their going, in good time, I am safe, and a fair profit too. I must keep them closely in view—that's all."

So, nodding his head very complacently, Ralph was leaving the spot, when his quick ear caught the sound of a confused noise and hubbub of voices, mingled with a great running up and down stairs, in the very house which had been the subject of his scrutiny; and while he was hesitating whether to knock at the door or listen at the key-hole a little longer, a female servant of Madame Mantalini's (whom he had often seen) opened it abruptly and bounced out, with her blue cap-ribands streaming in the air.

"Hallo here. Stop!" cried Ralph. "What's the matter. Here am I. Didn't you hear me knock?"

"Oh! Mr. Nickleby, sir," said the girl. "Go up, for the love of Gracious. Master's been and done it again."

"Done what?" said Ralph, tartly. "What d'ye mean?"

"I knew he would if he was drove to it," cried the girl. "I said so all along."

"Come here, you silly wench," said Ralph, catching her by the wrist; "and don't carry family matters to the neighbours, destroying the credit of the establishment. Come here; do you hear me, girl?"

Without any further expostulation, he led or rather pulled the frightened hand-maid into the house, and shut the door; then bidding her walk up-stairs before him, followed without more ceremony.

Guided by the noise of a great many voices all talking together, and passing the girl in his impatience, before they had ascended many steps, Ralph quickly reached the private sitting-room, when he was rather amazed by the confused and inexplicable scene in which he suddenly found himself.

There were all the young-lady workers, some with bonnets and some without, in various attitudes expressive of alarm and consternation; some gathered round Madame Mantalini, who was in tears upon one chair; and others round Miss Knag, who was in opposition tears upon another; and others round Mr. Mantalini, who was perhaps the most striking figure in the whole group, for Mr. Mantalini's legs were extended at full length upon the floor, and his head and shoulders were supported by a very tall footman, who didn't seem to know what to do with them, and Mr. Mantalini's eyes were closed, and his face was pale, and his hair was comparatively straight, and his whiskers and moustache were limp, and his teeth were clenched, and he had a little bottle in his right hand, and a little tea-spoon in his left; and his hands, arms, legs, and shoulders, were all stiff and powerless. And yet Madame Mantalini was not weeping upon the body, but was scolding violently upon her chair; and all this amidst a clamour of tongues, perfectly deafening, and which really appeared to have driven the unfortunate footman to the uttermost verge of distraction.

"What is the matter here?" said Ralph, pressing forward.

At this inquiry, the clamour was increased twenty-fold, and an astounding string of such shrill contradictions as "He's poisoned him-

self"—“ He hasn't ”—“ Send for a doctor ”—“ Don't ”—“ He's dying ”—“ He isn't, he's only pretending ”—with various other cries, poured forth with bewildering volubility, until Madame Mantalini was seen to address herself to Ralph, when female curiosity to know what she would say, prevailed, and, as if by general consent, a dead silence, unbroken by a single whisper, instantaneously succeeded.

“ Mr. Nickleby,” said Madame Mantalini; “ by what chance you came here, I don't know.”

Here a gurgling voice was heard to ejaculate—as part of the wanderings of a sick man—the words “ Demnition sweetness ! ” but nobody heeded them except the footman, who, being startled to hear such awful tones proceeding, as it were, from between his very fingers, dropped his master's head upon the floor with a pretty loud crash, and then, without an effort to lift it up, gazed upon the bystanders, as if he had done something rather clever than otherwise.

“ I will, however,” continued Madame Mantalini, drying her eyes, and speaking with great indignation, “ say before you, and before everybody here, for the first time, and once for all, that I never will supply that man's extravagances and viciousness again. I have been a dupe and a fool to him long enough. In future, he shall support himself if he can, and then he may spend what money he pleases, upon whom and how he pleases; but it shall not be mine, and therefore you had better pause before you trust him further.”

Thereupon Madame Mantalini, quite unmoved by some most pathetic lamentations on the part of her husband, that the apothecary had not mixed the prussic acid strong enough, and that he must take another bottle or two to finish the work he had in hand, entered into a catalogue of that amiable gentleman's gallantries, deceptions, extravagances, and infidelities (especially the last), winding up with a protest against being supposed to entertain the smallest remnant of regard for him; and adducing, in proof of the altered state of her affections, the circumstance of his having poisoned himself in private no less than six times within the last fortnight, and her not having once interfered by word or deed to save his life.

“ And I insist on being separated and left to myself,” said Madame Mantalini, sobbing. “ If he dares to refuse me a separation, I'll have one in law—I can—and I hope this will be a warning to all girls who have seen this disgraceful exhibition.”

Miss Knag, who was unquestionably the oldest girl in company, said with great solemnity, that it would be a warning to *her*, and so did the young ladies generally, with the exception of one or two who appeared to entertain some doubts whether such whiskers could do wrong.

“ Why do you say all this before so many listeners ? ” said Ralph, in a low voice. “ You know you are not in earnest.”

“ I *am* in earnest,” replied Madame Mantalini, aloud, and retreating towards Miss Knag.

“ Well, but consider,” reasoned Ralph, who had a great interest in the matter. “ It would be well to reflect. A married woman has no property.”

"Not a solitary single individual dem, my soul," said Mr. Mantalini, raising himself upon his elbow.

"I am quite aware of that," retorted Madame Mantalini, tossing her head; "and I have none. The business, the stock, this house, and everything in it, all belong to Miss Knag."

"That's quite true, Madame Mantalini," said Miss Knag, with whom her late employer had secretly come to an amicable understanding on this point. "Very true, indeed, Madame Mantalini—hem—very true. And I never was more glad in all my life, that I had strength of mind to resist matrimonial offers, no matter how advantageous, than I am when I think of my present position as compared with your most unfortunate and most undeserved one, Madame Mantalini."

"Demmit!" cried Mr. Mantalini, turning his head towards his wife. "Will it not slap and pinch the envious dowager, that dares to reflect upon its own delicious?"

But the day of Mr. Mantalini's blandishments had departed. "Miss Knag, sir," said his wife, "is my particular friend;" and although Mr. Mantalini leered till his eyes seemed in danger of never coming back to their right places again, Madame Mantalini showed no signs of softening.

To do the excellent Miss Knag justice, she had been mainly instrumental in bringing about this altered state of things, for, finding by daily experience, that there was no chance of the business thriving, or even continuing to exist, while Mr. Mantalini had any hand in the expenditure, and having now a considerable interest in its well-doing, she had sedulously applied herself to the investigation of some little matters connected with that gentleman's private character, which she had so well elucidated, and artfully imparted to Madame Mantalini, as to open her eyes more effectually than the closest and most philosophical reasoning could have done in a series of years. To which end, the accidental discovery by Miss Knag of some tender correspondence, in which Madame Mantalini was described as "old" and "ordinary," had most providentially contributed.

However, notwithstanding her firmness, Madame Mantalini wept very piteously; and as she leant upon Miss Knag, and signed towards the door, that young lady and all the other young ladies with sympathising faces, proceeded to bear her out.

"Nickleby," said Mr. Mantalini, in tears, "you have been made a witness to this demnition cruelty, on the part of the demdest enslaver and captivator that never was, oh dem! I forgive that woman."

"Forgive!" repeated Madame Mantalini, angrily.

"I do forgive her, Nickleby," said Mr. Mantalini. "You will blame me, the world will blame me, the women will blame me; everybody will laugh, and scoff, and smile, and grin most demnebly. They will say, 'She had a blessing. She did not know it. He was too weak; he was too good; he was a dem'd fine fellow, but he loved too strong; he could not bear her to be cross, and call him wicked names. It was a dem'd case, there never was a demder.—But I forgive her.'"

With this affecting speech Mr. Mantalini fell down again very flat, and lay to all appearance without sense or motion, until all the females

had left the room, when he came cautiously into a sitting posture, and confronted Ralph with a very blank face, and the little bottle still in one hand and the tea-spoon in the other.

"You may put away those fooleries now, and live by your wits again," said Ralph, coolly putting on his hat.

"Demmit, Nickleby, you're not serious?"

"I seldom joke," said Ralph. "Good night."

"No, but Nickleby—" said Mantalini.

"I am wrong, perhaps," rejoined Ralph. "I hope so. You should know best. Good night."

Affecting not to hear his entreaties that he would stay and advise with him, Ralph left the crest-fallen Mr. Mantalini to his meditations, and left the house quietly.

"Oho!" he said, "sets the wind that way so soon? Half knave and half fool, and detected in both characters—hum—I think your day is over, sir."

As he said this, he made some memorandum in his pocket-book in which Mr. Mantalini's name figured conspicuously, and finding by his watch that it was between nine and ten o'clock, made all speed home.

"Are they here?" was the first question he asked of Newman.

Newman nodded. "Been here half-an-hour."

"Two of them? one a fat sleek man?"

"Ay," said Newman. "In your room now."

"Good," rejoined Ralph. "Get me a coach."

"A coach! What you—going to—Eh?" stammered Newman.

Ralph angrily repeated his orders, and Noggs, who might well have been excused for wondering at such an unusual and extraordinary circumstance—for he had never seen Ralph in a coach in his life—departed on his errand, and presently returned with the conveyance.

Into it went Mr. Squeers, and Ralph, and the third man, whom Newman Noggs had never seen. Newman stood upon the door step to see them off, not troubling himself to wonder where or upon what business they were going, until he chanced by mere accident to hear Ralph name the address whither the coachman was to drive.

Quick as lightning and in a state of the most extreme wonder, Newman darted into his little office for his hat, and limped after the coach as if with the intention of getting up behind; but in this design he was balked, for it had too much the start of him and was soon hopelessly ahead, leaving him gaping in the empty street.

"I don't know though," said Noggs, stopping for breath, "any good that I could have done by going too. He would have seen me if I had. Drive *there!* What can come of this! If I had only known it yesterday I could have told—drive there! There's mischief in it. There must be."

His reflections were interrupted by a grey-haired man of a very remarkable, though far from prepossessing appearance, who, coming stealthily towards him, solicited relief.

Newman, still cogitating deeply, turned away; but the man followed him, and pressed him with such a tale of misery that Newman (who

might have been considered a hopeless person to beg from, and who had little enough to give) looked into his hat for some halfpence which he usually kept screwed up, when he had any, in a corner of his pocket handkerchief.

While he was busily untwisting the knot with his teeth, the man said something which attracted his attention; whatever that something was, it led to something else, and in the end he and Newman walked away side by side—the strange man talking earnestly, and Newman listening.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONTAINING MATTER OF A SURPRISING KIND.

“As we gang awa’ fra’ Lunnun tomorrow neeght, and as I dinnot know that I was e’er so happy in a’ my days, Misther Nickleby, Ding! but I *will* tak’ anoother glass to our next merry meeting!”

So said John Browdie, rubbing his hands with great joyousness, and looking round him with a ruddy shining face, quite in keeping with the declaration.

The time at which John found himself in this enviable condition, was the same evening to which the last chapter bore reference; the place was the cottage; and the assembled company were Nicholas, Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Browdie, Kate Nickleby, and Smike.

A very merry party they had been. Mrs. Nickleby, knowing of her son’s obligations to the honest Yorkshireman, had, after some demur, yielded her consent to Mr. and Mrs. Browdie being invited out to tea; in the way of which arrangement, there were at first sundry difficulties and obstacles, arising out of her not having had an opportunity of “calling” upon Mrs. Browdie first; for although Mrs. Nickleby very often observed with much complacency (as most punctilious people do), that she had not an atom of pride or formality about her, still she was a great stickler for dignity and ceremonies; and as it was manifest that, until a call had been made, she could not be (politely speaking, and according to the laws of society) even cognizant of the fact of Mrs. Browdie’s existence, she felt her situation to be one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty.

“The call *must* originate with me, my dear,” said Mrs. Nickleby, “that’s indispensable. The fact is, my dear, that it’s necessary there should be a sort of condescension on my part, and that I should show this young person that I am willing to take notice of her. There’s a very respectable-looking young man,” added Mrs. Nickleby, after a short consideration, “who is conductor to one of the omnibuses that go by here, and who wears a glazed hat—your sister and I have noticed him very often—he has a wart upon his nose, Kate, you know, exactly like a gentleman’s servant.”

“Have all gentlemen’s servants warts upon their noses, mother?” asked Nicholas.

"Nicholas, my dear, how very absurd you are," returned his mother; "of course I mean that his glazed hat looks like a gentleman's servant, and not the wart upon his nose—though even that is not so ridiculous as it may seem to you, for we had a footboy once, who had not only a wart, but a wen also, and a very large wen too, and he demanded to have his wages raised in consequence, because he found it came very expensive. Let me see, what was I—oh yes, I know. The best way that I can think of, would be to send a card, and my compliments, (I've no doubt he'd take 'em for a pot of porter,) by this young man, to the Saracen with Two Necks—if the waiter took him for a gentleman's servant, so much the better. Then all Mrs. Browdie would have to do, would be to send her card back by the carrier (he could easily come with a double knock), and there's an end of it."

"My dear mother," said Nicholas, "I don't suppose such unsophisticated people as these ever had a card of their own, or ever will have."

"Oh that, indeed, Nicholas, my dear," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "that's another thing. If you put it upon that ground, why, of course, I have no more to say, than that I have no doubt they are very good sort of persons, and that I have no kind of objection to their coming here to tea if they like, and shall make a point of being very civil to them if they do."

The point being thus effectually set at rest, and Mrs. Nickleby duly placed in the patronising and mildly-condescending position which became her rank and matrimonial years, Mr. and Mrs. Browdie were invited and came; and as they were very deferential to Mrs. Nickleby, and seemed to have a becoming appreciation of her greatness, and were very much pleased with everything, the good lady had more than once given Kate to understand, in a whisper, that she thought they were the very best-meaning people she had ever seen, and perfectly well behaved.

And thus it came to pass, that John Browdie declared, in the parlour after supper, to wit, at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, P.M., that he had never been so happy in all his days.

Nor was Mrs. Browdie much behind her husband in this respect, for that young matron—whose rustic beauty contrasted very prettily with the more delicate loveliness of Kate, and without suffering by the contrast either, for each served as it were to set off and decorate the other—could not sufficiently admire the gentle and winning manners of the young lady, or the engaging affability of the elder one. Then Kate had the art of turning the conversation to subjects upon which the country girl, bashful at first in strange company, could feel herself at home; and if Mrs. Nickleby was not quite so felicitous at times in the selection of topics of discourse, or if she did seem, as Mrs. Browdie expressed it, "rather high in her notions," still nothing could be kinder, and that she took considerable interest in the young couple was manifest from the very long lectures on housewifery with which she was so obliging as to entertain Mrs. Browdie's private ear, which were illustrated by various references to the domestic economy of the cottage, in which (those duties falling exclusively upon Kate) the good lady had about as much share, either in theory or practice, as any one of the statues of

the Twelve Apostles which embellish the exterior of Saint Paul's cathedral.

"Mr. Browdie," said Kate, addressing his young wife, "is the best humoured, the kindest and heartiest creature I ever saw. If I were oppressed with I don't know how many cares, it would make me happy only to look at him."

"He does seem indeed, upon my word, a most excellent creature, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby; "most excellent. And I am sure that at all times it will give me pleasure—really pleasure now—to have you, Mrs. Browdie, to see me in this plain and homely manner. We make no display," said Mrs. Nickleby, with an air which seemed to insinuate that they could make a vast deal if they were so disposed—"no fuss, no preparation; I wouldn't allow it. I said 'Kate, my dear, you will only make Mrs. Browdie feel uncomfortable, and how very foolish and inconsiderate that would be!'"

"I am very much obliged to you, I am sure, ma'am," returned Mrs. Browdie, gratefully. "It's nearly eleven o'clock, John. I am afraid we are keeping you up very late, ma'am."

"Late!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a sharp thin laugh, and one little cough at the end, like a note of admiration expressed. "This is quite early for us. We used to keep such hours! Twelve, one, two, three o'clock was nothing to us. Balls, dinners, card-parties—never were such rakes as the people about where we used to live. I often think now, I am sure, that how we ever could go through with it is quite astonishing—and that is just the evil of having a large connexion and being a great deal sought after, which I would recommend all young married people steadily to resist; though of course, and it's perfectly clear, and a very happy thing too, I think, that very few young married people can be exposed to such temptations. There was one family in particular, that used to live about a mile from us—not straight down the road, but turning sharp off to the left by the turnpike where the Plymouth mail ran over the donkey—that were quite extraordinary people for giving the most extravagant parties, with artificial flowers and champagne, and variegated lamps, and, in short, every delicacy of eating and drinking that the most singular epicure could possibly require—I don't think there ever were such people as those Peltiroguses. You remember the Peltiroguses, Kate?"

Kate saw that for the ease and comfort of the visitors it was high time to stay this flood of recollection, so answered that she entertained of the Peltiroguses a most vivid and distinct remembrance; and then said that Mr. Browdie had half promised, early in the evening, that he would sing a Yorkshire song, and that she was most impatient that he should redeem his promise, because she was sure it would afford her mama more amusement and pleasure than it was possible to express.

Mrs. Nickleby confirming her daughter with the best possible grace—for there was patronage in that too, and a kind of implication that she had a discerning taste in such matters, and was something of a critic—John Browdie proceeded to consider the words of some north-country ditty, and to take his wife's recollection respecting the same. This done,

he made divers ungainly movements in his chair, and singling out one particular fly on the ceiling from the other flies there asleep, fixed his eyes upon him, and began to roar a meek sentiment (supposed to be uttered by a gentle swain fast pining away with love and despair) in a voice of thunder.

At the end of the first verse, as though some person without had waited until then to make himself audible, was heard a loud and violent knocking at the street-door—so loud and so violent, indeed, that the ladies started as by one accord, and John Browdie stopped.

“It must be some mistake,” said Nicholas, carelessly. “We know nobody who would come here at this hour.”

Mrs. Nickleby surmised, however, that perhaps the counting-house was burnt down, or perhaps ‘the Mr. Cheerybles’ had sent to take Nicholas into partnership (which certainly appeared highly probable at that time of night) or perhaps Mr. Linkinwater had run away with the property, or perhaps Miss La Creevy was taken ill, or perhaps—

But a hasty exclamation from Kate stopped her abruptly in her conjectures, and Ralph Nickleby walked into the room.

“Stay,” said Ralph, as Nicholas rose, and Kate, making her way towards him, threw herself upon his arm. “Before that boy says a word, hear me.”

Nicholas bit his lip and shook his head in a threatening manner, but appeared for the moment unable to articulate a syllable. Kate clung closer to his arm, Smike retreated behind them, and John Browdie, who had heard of Ralph, and appeared to have no great difficulty in recognising him, stepped between the old man and his young friend, as if with the intention of preventing either of them from advancing a step further.

“Hear me, I say,” said Ralph, “and not him.”

“Say what thou’st gotten to say then, sir,” retorted John; “and tak’ care thou dinnot put up angry bluid which thou’dst betther try to quiet.”

“I should know *you*,” said Ralph, “by your tongue; and *him*” (pointing to Smike) “by his looks.”

“Don’t speak to him,” said Nicholas, recovering his voice. “I will not have it. I will not hear him. I do not know that man. I cannot breathe the air that he corrupts. His presence is an insult to my sister. It is shame to see him. I will not bear it, by —”

“Stand!” cried John, laying his heavy hand upon his chest.

“Then let him instantly retire,” said Nicholas, struggling. “I am not going to lay hands upon him, but he shall withdraw. I will not have him here. John—John Browdie—is this my house—am I a child? If he stands there,” cried Nicholas, burning with fury, “looking so calmly upon those who know his black and dastardly heart, he’ll drive me mad.”

To all these exclamations John Browdie answered not a word, but he retained his hold upon Nicholas; and when he was silent again, spoke.

“There’s more to say and hear than thou think’st for,” said John. “I tell’ee I ha’ gotten scent o’ thot already. Wa’at be that shadow

outside door there? Noo schoolmeasther, show thyself, mun; dimnot be sheame-feaced. Noo, auld gen'l'm'n, let's have schoolmeasther, coom."

Hearing this adjuration, Mr. Squeers, who had been lingering in the passage until such time as it should be expedient for him to enter and he could appear with effect, was fain to present himself in a somewhat undignified and sneaking way; at which John Browdie laughed with such keen and heartfelt delight, that even Kate, in all the pain anxiety and surprise of the scene, and though the tears were in her eyes, felt a disposition to join him.

"Have you done enjoying yourself, sir?" said Ralph, at length.

"Pratty nigh for the prasant time, sir," replied John.

"I can wait," said Ralph. "Take your own time, pray."

Ralph waited until there was a perfect silence, and then turning to Mrs. Nickleby, but directing an eager glance at Kate, as if more anxious to watch his effect upon her, said:—

"Now, ma'am, listen to me. I don't imagine that you were a party to a very fine tirade of words sent me by that boy of yours, because I don't believe that under his control, you have the slightest will of your own, or that your advice, your opinion, your wants, your wishes—anything which in nature and reason (or of what use is your great experience?) ought to weigh with him—has the slightest influence or weight whatever, or is taken for a moment into account."

Mrs. Nickleby shook her head and sighed, as if there were a good deal in that, certainly.

"For this reason," resumed Ralph, "I address myself to you ma'am. For this reason, partly, and partly because I do not wish to be disgraced by the acts of a vicious stripling whom I was obliged to disown, and who, afterwards, in his boyish majesty, feigns to—ha! ha!—to disown *me*, I present myself here to-night. I have another motive in coming—a motive of humanity. I come here," said Ralph, looking round with a biting and triumphant smile, and gloating and dwelling upon the words as if he were loath to lose the pleasure of saying them, "to restore a parent his child. Ay, sir," he continued, bending eagerly forward, and addressing Nicholas, as he marked the change of his countenance, "to restore a parent his child—his son, sir—trepanned, waylaid, and guarded at every turn by you, with the base design of robbing him some day of any little wretched pittance of which he might become possessed."

"In that, you know you lie," said Nicholas, proudly.

"In this, I know I speak the truth—I have his father here," retorted Ralph.

"Here!" sneered Squeers, stepping forward. "Do you hear that? Here! Didn't I tell you to be careful that his father didn't turn up, and send him back to me? Why, his father's my friend; he's to come back to me directly, he is. Now, what do you say—eh!—now—come—what do you say to that—an't you sorry you took so much trouble for nothing? an't you? an't you?"

"You bear upon your body certain marks I gave you," said Nicholas,

looking quietly away, "and may talk in acknowledgment of them as much as you please. You'll talk a long time before you rub them out, Mr. Squeers."

The estimable gentleman last-named, cast a hasty look at the table, as if he were prompted by this retort to throw a jug or bottle at the head of Nicholas, but he was interrupted in this design (if such design he had) by Ralph, who, touching him on the elbow, bade him tell the father that he might now appear and claim his son.

This being purely a labour of love, Mr. Squeers readily complied, and leaving the room for the purpose, almost immediately returned, supporting a sleek personage with an oily face, who, bursting from him, and giving to view the form and face of Mr. Snawley, made straight up to Smike, and tucking that poor fellow's head under his arm in a most uncouth and awkward embrace, elevated his broad-brimmed hat at arm's length in the air as a token of devout thanksgiving, exclaiming, meanwhile, "How little did I think of this here joyful meeting, when I saw him last! Oh, how little did I think it!"

"Be composed, sir," said Ralph, with a gruff expression of sympathy, "you have got him now."

"Got him! Oh, haven't I got him! Have I got him, though?" cried Mr. Snawley, scarcely able to believe it. "Yes, here he is, flesh and blood, flesh and blood."

"Vary little flesh," said John Browdie.

Mr. Snawley was too much occupied by his parental feelings to notice this remark; and, to assure himself more completely of the restoration of his child, tucked his head under his arm again, and kept it there.

"What was it," said Snawley, "that made me take such a strong interest in him, when that worthy instructor of youth brought him to my house? What was it that made me burn all over with a wish to chastise him severely for cutting away from his best friends—his pastors and masters?"

"It was parental instinct, sir," observed Squeers.

"That's what it was, sir," rejoined Snawley; "the elevated feeling—the feeling of the ancient Romans and Grecians, and of the beasts of the field and birds of the air, with the exception of rabbits and tomcats, which sometimes devour their offspring. My heart yearned towards him. I could have—I don't know what I couldn't have done to him in the anger of a father."

"It only shows what Natur is, sir," said Mr. Squeers. "She's a rum 'un, is Natur."

"She is a holy thing, sir," remarked Snawley.

"I believe you," added Mr. Squeers, with a moral sigh. "I should like to know how we should ever get on without her. Natur," said Mr. Squeers, solemnly, "is more easier conceived than described. Oh what a blessed thing, sir, to be in a state of natur!"

Pending this philosophical discourse, the bystanders had been quite stupefied with amazement, while Nicholas had looked keenly from Snawley to Squeers, and from Squeers to Ralph, divided between his feelings of disgust, doubt, and surprise. At this juncture, Smike escaping from

his father fled to Nicholas, and implored him, in most moving terms, never to give him up, but to let him live and die beside him.

"If you are this boy's father," said Nicholas, "look at the wreck he is, and tell me that you purpose to send him back to that loathsome den from which I brought him."

"Scandal again!" cried Squeers. "Recollect, you an't worth powder and shot, but I'll be even with you one way or another."

"Stop," interposed Ralph, as Snawley was about to speak. "Let us cut this matter short, and not bandy words here with hare-brained profligates. This is your son, as you can prove—and you, Mr. Squeers, you know this boy to be the same that was with you for so many years under the name of Smike—Do you?"

"Do I!" returned Squeers. "Don't I?"

"Good," said Ralph; "a very few words will be sufficient here. You had a son by your first wife, Mr. Snawley?"

"I had," replied that person, "and there he stands."

"We'll show that presently," said Ralph. "You and your wife were separated, and she had the boy to live with her, when he was a year old. You received a communication from her, when you had lived apart a year or two, that the boy was dead; and you believed it?"

"Of course I did!" returned Snawley. "Oh the joy of——"

"Be rational, sir, pray," said Ralph. "This is business, and trans-ports interfere with it. This wife died a year and a half ago, or thereabouts—not more—in some obscure place, where she was house-keeper in a family. Is that the case?"

"That's the case," replied Snawley.

"Having written on her death-bed a letter or confession to you, about this very boy, which, as it was not directed otherwise than in your name, only reached you, and that by a circuitous course, a few days since?"

"Just so," said Snawley. "Correct in every particular, sir."

"And this confession," resumed Ralph, "is to the effect that his death was an invention of hers to wound you—was a part of a system of annoyance, in short, which you seem to have adopted towards each other—that the boy lived, but was of weak and imperfect intellect—that she sent him by a trusty hand to a cheap school in Yorkshire—that she had paid for his education for some years, and then, being poor, and going a long way off, gradually deserted him, for which she prayed forgiveness?"

Snawley nodded his head, and wiped his eyes; the first slightly, the last violently.

"The school was Mr. Squeers's," continued Ralph; "the boy was left there in the name of Smike; every description was fully given, dates tally exactly with Mr. Squeers's books, Mr. Squeers is lodging with you at this time; you have two other boys at his school: you communicated the whole discovery to him, he brought you to me as the person who had recommended to him the kidnapper of his child; and I brought you here. Is that so?"

"You talk like a good book, sir, that's got nothing in its inside but what's the truth," replied Snawley.

"This is your pocket-book," said Ralph, producing one from his coat; "the certificates of your first marriage and of the boy's birth, and your wife's two letters, and every other paper that can support these statements directly or by implication, are here, are they?"

"Every one of 'em, sir."

"And you don't object to their being looked at here, so that these people may be convinced of your power to substantiate your claim at once in law and reason, and you may resume your controul over your own son without more delay. Do I understand you?"

"I couldn't have understood myself better, sir."

"There, then," said Ralph, tossing the pocket-book upon the table. "Let them see them if they like; and as those are the original papers, I should recommend you to stand near while they are being examined, or you may chance to lose some."

With these words Ralph sat down unbidden, and compressing his lips, which were for the moment slightly parted by a smile, folded his arms, and looked for the first time at his nephew.

Nicholas, stung by the concluding taunt, darted an indignant glance at him; but commanding himself as well as he could, entered upon a close examination of the documents, at which John Browdie assisted. There was nothing about them which could be called in question. The certificates were regularly signed as extracts from the parish books, the first letter had a genuine appearance of having been written and preserved for some years, the hand-writing of the second tallied with it exactly, (making proper allowance for its having been written by a person in extremity,) and there were several other corroboratory scraps of entries and memoranda which it was equally difficult to question.

"Dear Nicholas," whispered Kate, who had been looking anxiously over his shoulder, "can this be really the case? Is this statement true?"

"I fear it is," answered Nicholas. "What say you, John?"

John scratched his head and shook it, but said nothing at all.

"You will observe, ma'am," said Ralph, addressing himself to Mrs. Nickleby, "that this boy being a minor and not of strong mind, we might have come here to-night, armed with the powers of the law, and backed by a troop of its myrmidons. I should have done so, ma'am, unquestionably, but for my regard for the feelings of yourself—and your daughter."

"You have shown your regard for *her* feelings well," said Nicholas, drawing his sister towards him.

"Thank you," replied Ralph. "Your praise, sir, is commendation, indeed."

"Well," said Squeers, "what's to be done? Them hackney-coach horses will catch cold if we don't think of moving; there's one of 'em sneezing now, so that he blows the street door right open. What's the order of the day—eh? Is Master Snawley to come along with us?"

"No, no, no," replied Smike, drawing back, and clinging to Nicholas. "No. Pray, no. I will not go from you with him. No, no."

"This is a cruel thing," said Snawley, looking to his friends for support. "Do parents bring children into the world for this?"

"Do parents bring children into the world for *that*?" said John Browdie bluntly, pointing, as he spoke, to Squeers.

"Never you mind," retorted that gentleman, tapping his nose, derisively.

"Never I mind!" said John, "no, nor never nobody mind, say'st thou, schoolmaster. It's nobody's minding that keeps sike men as thou afloat. Noo then, where be'st thou coomin' to? Dang it, dinnot coom treadin' ower me, mun."

Suiting the action to the word, John Browdie just jerked his elbow into the chest of Mr. Squeers who was advancing upon Smike; with so much dexterity that the schoolmaster reeled and staggered back upon Ralph Nickleby, and being unable to recover his balance, knocked that gentleman off his chair, and stumbled heavily upon him.

This accidental circumstance was the signal for some very decisive proceedings. In the midst of a great noise, occasioned by the prayers and entreaties of Smike, the cries and exclamations of the women, and the vehemence of the men, demonstrations were made of carrying off the lost son by violence: and Squeers had actually begun to haul him out, when Nicholas (who, until then, had been evidently undecided how to act) took him by the collar, and shaking him so that such teeth as he had, chattered in his head, politely escorted him to the room door, and thrusting him into the passage, shut it upon him.

"Now" said Nicholas, to the other two, "have the kindness to follow your friend."

"I want my son," said Snawley.

"Your son," replied Nicholas, "chooses for himself. He chooses to remain here, and he shall."

"You won't give him up?" said Snawley.

"I would not give him up against his will, to be the victim of such brutality as that to which you would consign him," replied Nicholas, "if he were a dog or a rat."

"Knock that Nickleby down with a candlestick," cried Mr. Squeers, through the keyhole, "and bring out my hat, somebody, will you, unless he wants to steal it."

"I am very sorry, indeed," said Mrs. Nickleby, who, with Mrs. Browdie, had stood crying and biting her fingers in a corner, while Kate—very pale, but perfectly quiet—had kept as near her brother as she could. "I am very sorry, indeed, for all this. I really don't know what would be best to do, and that's the truth. Nicholas ought to be the best judge, and I hope he is. Of course, it's a hard thing to have to keep other people's children, though young Mr. Snawley is certainly as useful and willing as it's possible for anybody to be; but, if it could be settled in any friendly manner—if old Mr. Snawley, for instance, would settle to pay something certain for his board and lodging, and some fair arrangement was come to, so that we undertook to have fish twice a-week, and a pudding twice, or a dumpling, or something of that sort, I do think that it might be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties."

This compromise, which was proposed with abundance of tears and sighs, not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it; and poor Mrs. Nickleby accordingly proceeded to enlighten Mrs. Browdie upon the advantages of such a scheme, and the unhappy results flowing on all occasions, from her not being attended to when she proffered her advice.

"You, sir," said Snawley, addressing the terrified SMIKE, "are an unnatural, ungrateful, unloveable boy. You won't let me love you when I want to. Won't you come home—won't you?"

"No, no, no," cried SMIKE, shrinking back.

"He never loved nobody," bawled SQUEERS, through the keyhole. "He never loved me; he never loved WACKFORD, who is next door but one to a cherubim. How can you expect that he'll love his father? He'll never love his father, he won't. He don't know what it is to have a father. He don't understand it. It an't in him."

Mr. Snawley looked stedfastly at his son for a full minute, and then covering his eyes with his hand, and once more raising his hat in the air, appeared deeply occupied in deploring his black ingratitude. Then drawing his arm across his eyes, he picked up Mr. SQUEERS's hat, and taking it under one arm, and his own under the other, walked slowly and sadly out.

"Your romance, sir," said RALPH, lingering for a moment, "is destroyed, I take it. No unknown; no persecuted descendant of a man of high degree; but the weak, imbecile son of a poor, petty tradesman. We shall see how your sympathy melts before plain matter of fact."

"You shall," said NICHOLAS, motioning towards the door.

"And trust me, sir," added RALPH, "that I never supposed you would give him up to-night. Pride, obstinacy, reputation for fine feeling, were all against it. These must be brought down, sir, lowered, crushed, as they shall be soon. The protracted and wearing anxiety and expense of the law in its most oppressive form, its torture from hour to hour, its weary days and sleepless nights—with these I'll prove you, and break your haughty spirit, strong as you deem it now. And when you make this house a hell, and visit these trials upon yonder wretched object (as you will; I know you), and those who think you now a young-fledged hero, we'll go into old accounts between us two, and see who stands the debtor, and comes out best at last—even before the world."

Ralph Nickleby withdrew. But Mr. SQUEERS, who had heard a portion of this closing address, and was by this time wound up to a pitch of impotent malignity almost unprecedented, could not refrain from returning to the parlour-door, and actually cutting some dozen capers with various wry faces and hideous grimaces, expressive of his triumphant confidence in the downfall and defeat of NICHOLAS.

Having concluded this war-dance, in which his short trousers and large boots had borne a very conspicuous figure, Mr. SQUEERS followed his friends, and the family were left to meditate upon recent occurrences.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE STOCK IN LONDON

ESTABLISHED 1795.



S. ALDERMAN,
 JEWELLER, SILVERSMITH, CUTLER,

ETC. ETC.

41 & 42, BARBICAN;

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An Extensive Show-Room and Warehouse at the back of the Premises.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE STOCK IN LONDON

OF
JEWELLERY, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC.,

AT
ALDERMAN'S OLD-ESTABLISHED WAREHOUSES.

THE system adopted of giving **NO CREDIT**, and selling every article at a **VERY SMALL PROFIT**, has been sanctioned by the approbation of the Public for more than **FORTY-FOUR YEARS**. The simple, but **HONEST, PRINCIPLE** of doing Business is here pursued, of fixing the price, in **PLAIN FIGURES**, to every article offered for sale. As a scale of prices can convey but slight information without a view of the goods, an **INSPECTION OF THE STOCK** is earnestly solicited; S. A. feeling assured that when the **QUALITY** and **PRICES** are compared, they will be found **LOWER** than at any other House in the Trade, and will continue to secure that **DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE** with which the Establishment has been favoured for so **MANY YEARS**.

Jewellery.

A well-selected assortment of the most modern and fashionable Patterns, and at extremely low prices, every article being charged according to its quality.

Gold Rings, plain and set with diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and all other precious stones.
Gold Brooches, an elegant variety | Gold Seals and Watch Keys | Gold Watch and Guard Chains
Gold Ear Rings do do. | of all sizes | Gold Lockets for hair and scent
Gold Shirt Studs and Pins do. | Gold Watch Hooks and Split Rings | Gold Wedding Rings, and Guard do.

GOLD MOURNING RINGS IN GREAT VARIETY OF PATTERNS, AND MADE TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

LADIES' FINE GOLD CHAINS.—A good choice of the most fashionable Patterns and of exquisite workmanship, the Gold warranted to be the best, and at Prices that will compete with any Manufacturer in the Trade.

HAIR WORK, in Bracelets, Neck and Guard Chains; also Ear Rings, Brooches, and Rings, in variety of fancy patterns. Persons wishing their own Hair made up may depend upon having the same they furnish.

Every description of Jewellery Re-mounted or Repaired.—Arms and Crests neatly Engraved.
IMPORTER OF CORAL—THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Black Jet Ornaments.

A very extensive and fashionable Assortment, consisting of every Article manufactured for Mourning.—Purchasers will find a great reduction has taken place in the prices of Jet Work.—Great variety of real Berlin Ornaments.

Mosaic Gold Ornaments.

Ladies will find a larger Stock to select from than at any other House, consisting of Ear-rings, Brooches, Armlets, Bracelets, Neck Chains, Head Ornaments, &c. &c., and of every pattern that is made in fine Gold: to such perfection have they now brought Mosaic or Imitation Gold, both as to colour and workmanship, that it has become very difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Silver Spoons and Forks.

Warranted of the best Manufacture, Worked and Polished.

	Fiddle Pattern.			King's Pattern.				Fiddle Pattern.			King's Pattern.		
	oz.	s. d.	£ s. d.	oz.	s. d.	£ s. d.		oz.	s. d.	£ s. d.	oz.	s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Silver Table Forks	30	7 2	10 15 0	40	7 4	14 13 4	12 Silver Tea Spoons	10	7 8	3 16 8	14	7 10	5 9 8
12 Silver " Spoons	30		10 15 0			14 13 4	4 Silver Salt Spoons,			1 1 0			2 2 0
12 Silver Dessert Forks	20		7 3 4	25		9 3 4	Gilt Bowls			2 5 0			3 3 0
12 Silver " Spoons	20		7 3 4	25		9 3 4	1 Silver Fish Knife			0 15 0			1 5 0
2-Silver Gravy Spoons	10		3 11 8	14		5 2 8	1 Silver Sugar Tongs						
1 Silver Soup Ladle	10		3 11 8	10		3 11 8							
4 Silver Sauce Ladles	10	7 8	3 16 8	12	7 10	4 14 0			54 14 4			73 3 0	

Reduction of 1s. 6d. per oz. on Silver Plate Exported.

DEALER IN SECOND-HAND PLATE.

Any quantity of Old Silver Bought or taken in Exchange.

Silver Tea and Coffee Services,

Of the newest and most splendid Designs, and of very superior Workmanship. To attempt to give Prices of Silver Articles which must vary according to the weight and cost of making, would only tend to lead purchasers into error, every article being marked and the weight given. S. A. only solicits an inspection, and challenges competition with any Manufacturer in the Trade for the lowness of price.

Silver Cruet, Soy, and Egg Frames | Silver Bread and Cake Baskets | Silver Dessert Knives and Forks
.. Waiters, plain and chased | .. Decanter Stands | .. Salt Cellars, plain & gilt inside
.. Table Candlesticks | .. Toast Racks | .. Mustard Pots do. do.
.. Chamber do. | .. Wine Strainers | .. Pepper Boxes and Muffiners
.. Snufflers and Stands | .. Goblets and Tankards | .. Knife Rests, Skewers, &c. &c.

Great variety of Christening Presents, Silver Mugs, plain and chased, gilt inside, Silver Pap Boats, Silver Knives, Forks, and Spoons, with Silver, Pearl and Ivory Handles, in cases, complete; Corals, Pencil Cases, &c. &c.

Silver Presentation Plate made to order on the most advantageous terms.—Drawings and Estimates furnished.
Silver Butter and Cheese Knives, Oyster and Pickle Forks, Snuff and Scent Boxes, Watch and Guard Chains, Pocket Fruit Knives, Scissors, Thimbles, Tweezers, &c. &c.—Mordan's Patent Ever-pointed Pencil Cases.

Superior Plated Goods,

With strong Silver Edges and Ornaments.

Corner Dishes and Covers, forming eight dishes | Candlesticks of various heights, same patterns as the Silver
Tea and Coffee Pots, Sugar Basins and Cream Ewers, in | Dinner Candlesticks, with and without branches
all the new patterns now made in Silver | Chamber Candlesticks and Taper ditto
Cake and Bread Baskets, plain and chased | Snufflers and Stands, plain and chased
Liquor, Cruet, Pickle, and Soy Frames, in great variety | Waiters, plain and chased, of all sizes
Decanter Stands, Wine Funnel, Sauce Tureens, Dish Covers, Ice Pails, Toast Racks, &c. &c.

Alderman's Improved British Plate.

Superior to any yet offered to the Public.

Such important improvements have been made in the Manufacture of British Plate, as to require the strictest scrutiny to distinguish it from Silver; with all the richness in appearance of that precious metal, it combines cheapness and durability, and is warranted perfectly sound to use, as it undergoes a chemical process, by which all that is nauseous is entirely extracted; (this is one of the important improvements.) The great objections which have been urged against the use of this article are now entirely superseded. It will also resist all acids, easily clean, and will retain its colour in any climate,—as a substitute for Silver, it has no equal. An excellent stock of entirely new Patterns, with strong Silver Mountings, consisting of the following:—

Waiters, plain and chased | Snufflers and Stands | Tea Caddies | Knife Rests
Tea and Coffee Pots | Liquor, Cruet, Pickle, and | Soy Frames | Salt Cellars, gilt inside | Children's Mugs
Sugar Basins and Cream | Cake and Bread Baskets | Pepper Castors | Butter Boats, Mustard Pots | Grape Scissors
Ewers, gilt inside | Toast Racks | Wine Funnel | Butter and Cheese Knives | Corals and Labels, plain and engraved.
Candlesticks | Decanter Stands | Butter and Cheese Knives | Asparagus Tongs, &c. &c.
Chamber ditto | and all those who are liable to be plundered of their plate, it will prove of great advantage.
Metal Tavern Keepers, and all those who are liable to be plundered of their plate, it will prove of great advantage. From the immense quantity selling, they are charged at the fol-

OCK IN LONDON
UTLERY, ETC.
WAREHOUSES.

Table Forks per doz. 0 16 6	Soup Ladles each 0 6 6	Table Spoons pr. doz. 0 16 6	Gravy Spoons, each 0 3 6
Dessert do. do. 0 12 6	Sauce do. do. 0 1 6	Dessert do. do. 0 12 6	Salt do. do. 0 0 6
Fish Knives, each 0 5 6	Mustard do. do. 0 0 6	Tea do. do. 0 5 6	Sugar Tongs do. 0 1 0

An inferior article, nearly equal in make, but not so good in quality, can be supplied in any quantity.
Table Spoons and Forks 10s per dozen. Dessert and Tea Spoons at the same proportion.
Solid wrought King's pattern, highly-finished at very reduced prices.

Silver Plated on British Plate.

This is a very superior Article, and from having *Sheet Silver Plated upon the British Plate*, their appearance is so alike unto Silver, that the difference cannot be detected without an inspection of the stamp; and, after many years' wear, should the Silver be worn through, the article still preserves the same colour.
Full-size Table Forks, Full-size Table Spoons, Tea Spoons pr. doz. 0 19 6, Soup Ladles 2 0 17 0
pr. doz. 2 5 0 pr. doz. 2 8 0 Sugar Tongs, per pr 0 4 6 Sauce do. do. 0 4 6
do. Dessert do. 1 12 0 do. Dessert do. 1 16 0 Gravy Spoons, each 0 7 6 Fish Knives do. 0 17 6

Plated on Steel.

Dessert Knives and Forks, in Plain and Carved Ivory Handles—Plated on Steel Spoons and Forks of the best manufacture.—Plated on Steel Snufflers, Toast Racks, Butter and Cheese Knives, Vegetable Forks, Knife Rests, Nut Cranks, &c. &c.

Paper Tea Trays.

A Handsome and extensive stock of superior Paper Tea Trays, in a variety of new and elegant shapes, and of exquisite workmanship. The largest size made, 30 inches, with neat gold border, only 25s. Waiters, &c. proportionally cheap. New and elegant pattern Fruit Plates, Fruit Baskets, Hand Screens, Card Racks, Card Pools, &c. &c.
Also the largest and best-selected Stock in London of

Superior Iron Japan Ware.

- Of all the Shapes, Patterns, and Colours that are made in Paper.
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Candlesticks and Smelter Trays | Hat and Umbrella Stands |
| Spice and Sugar Boxes | Cash Boxes with patent Locks |
| Toast and Card Racks | Plate and Vegetable Warmers |
| Dressing Cases on improved principles | Night Lamps, &c. &c. |

Superior Britannia Metal Goods.

Warranted to keep their colour in any climate

Venison and Haunch of Mutton	Coffee Pots, and Percolators to match	Mounted Jugs, of various sizes
Dishes	Sugar Basins and Cream Ewers	Pepper Boxes
Beef Steak Dishes and Covers	Table Candlesticks	Egg Cups
Tea Pots of all sizes and in entirely new patterns, mounted in ivory pearl, and silver	Chamber ditto	Spoons and Soup Ladles
	Smuffer Trays	Children's Mugs
	Mustard Pots and Salt Cellars	Soup Dishes, &c. &c.

Superior Table Cutlery.

The excellent quality of *Alderman's Table Cutlery* being so long established, it is merely necessary to remark, that every article is warranted, and stamped with the Name and Address, and sold at lower prices than at any other Wholesale Warehouse. The List opposite merits the attention of the Public:—

	Table Knives and Forks per Dozen of 24 pieces.	Dessert Knives and Forks per Dozen of 24 pieces.	Carving Knives with Guard Forks per pair.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
IN IVORY HANDLES.			
Octagon Ivory Handles, Oval Rim	24 0	17 6	5 6
Balance Octagon Ivory Handles	27 0	20 0	6 6
A large stock of Superfine Transparent Ivory, of various patterns, equally cheap.			
WHITE BONE HANDLES.			
Plain White Bone	8 0		
Octagon White Bone	12 6	10 6	3 0
Octagon White Bone, Oval Rim	17 0	14 6	3 9
SUPERIOR HORN HANDLES.			
Strong Octagon Horn	10 6	8 6	2 9
Plain Black, Three Pins	11 0	9 0	3 0
Octagon Black, Oval Rim	15 0	12 6	3 9

Purchasers not requiring Forks, one-third of the price is allowed; the Octagon Ivory Handles, Oval Rim, w. o. ld be 16s. per dozen, Knives only; and all other patterns in the same proportion.

Shipping or large Orders promptly executed, an extensive stock being always kept on hand, and a discount allowed.

IMPROVED KNIFE SHARPENERS AND TABLE STEELS.

Warranted Pen and Pocket Knives,

In a great variety of neat and ornamental patterns,

Capital Single-bladed Pen Knives, warranted from 1s. each
Ditto, Two Blades, Pocket ditto ditto from 1s. each
Desk and Pruning Knives, from 1s. each
Sportsmen's Knives of various descriptions
Celebrated Wharnclyffe Knives, Two Blades, 1s. 6d
Ditto, Three Blades, 1s. 9d.
Excellent Knives, with Four Blades, 2s. 3d.
Emigrants will find a capital and useful stock to select from, well suited for their purposes, and remarkably cheap.
Foreigners wishing to make purchases of superior and N.B.—Old Patent Corkscrews fitted

highly-finished British Cutlery, will find ample choice, and at very reduced prices.
Seissors of all descriptions, and the best quality, warranted from 1s. a pair.—Nail Nippers and Files.
Patent plain and pocket Corkscrews, of superior quality Champagne Nippers, with screw and brush
Knife Wire-Cutters, for Champagne, Soda Water, &c.
Patent Key Rings, &c. to 1s. each.
Engraving Name and Address on ditto, 1s. 3d.
Portable and other Boot Hooks.—Button Hooks, &c. with New Worms, at 1s. 3d. each.

Warranted best Steel Razors,

So justly celebrated for more than 40 years, sold upon the principle, if not approved, exchanged, or the money returned.
Plain Black Handles per pair 3s. 0d.
.. Fine ivory do. 5 0
.. Fine Ivory, silver mounted do. 8 6
An extensive variety of fine Steel Razors, in Tortoise-shell, Pearl, and Ivory Handles, handsomely mounted with Silver, and fitted in Cases, complete, equally cheap.
Improved Razor Straps of every description.

London Made Bronze Tea and Coffee Urns,

Of the best quality and newest patterns, at reduced prices.

Wright's New Patent Tea Urn	Bronze Lustres	Bronze Candlesticks	Bronze Inkstands
Bronze Coffee Percolators	.. Pastile Burners	.. Taper do.	.. Letter Weights
.. Coffee Pots	.. Thermometers	.. Table Bells	.. Card Racks, &c. &c.

SUNDRIES.

A large stock of Rosewood and Mahogany Writing Desks, Tea Chests and Tea Caddies, of a superior quality, at reduced prices
Handsome Work Boxes, in Rosewood and Mahogany, inlaid with Pearl, &c. &c.
Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen, Brass bound or inlaid with Pearl, fitted with Looking-Glass and all other necessary articles.
Excellent Hair, Tooth, Nail, and Cloth Brushes
Together with a variety of other useful articles far too numerous to be inserted in the present List.
Proprietors of Hotels, Taverns, and Chop Houses, supplied with any quantity of Plate, Cutlery, Japan Ware, &c., on the lowest Wholesale Terms.

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KIRBY, BEARD & KIRBY'S
LONDON
NE PLUS ULTRA NEEDLES
AND
ROYAL DIAMOND PATENT PINS.

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"TAKE THIS AND BE THRIFTY."



MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA
& THE DOWAGER QUEEN ADELAIDE.

THE surpassing excellence of the above **PINS** and **NEEDLES** has justly rendered them worthy of the most exalted Patronage with which they have been honoured, and combined with all the recent improvements, the effect of long experience and great skill in the application of the most ingenious mechanism, are most confidently recommended to the **LADIES** as possessing every requisite Quality so long sought after in these most useful Articles.

For the convenience of Purchasers (as well as in the usual manner) **KIRBY & CO** make up their **NE PLUS ULTRA NEEDLES** in a variety of Novel and Unique embellished **CASES**, each containing One Hundred of assorted useful sizes; also in Morocco Leather, and Splendid Satin and Rich Velvet Pocket Book Cases, with ornamental Locks, and furnished with every kind of Needle **FOR LADIES' FANCY WORK**. Also their **ROYAL DIAMOND PINS**, in Superb Cases, containing Six Papers of the most approved Sizes, forming a choice of elegant and useful little Presents.

KIRBY & CO rely entirely for a preference given to the Articles of their Manufacture from their uniform Perfection, and respectfully solicit **LADIES** who desire to use them (to prevent mistakes) to ask for **KIRBY & CO'S PINS** and **NEEDLES**, which are sold by all the Haberdashers and Drapers of the United Kingdom, and Wholesale and for Exportation at their Old-Established Royal Diamond Patent Pin and Needle Manufactory, No. 46, Cannon Street, **LONDON**, and at **GLOUCESTER**.

PARRIS'S GRAND AUTHENTIC CORONATION PICTURE.



MR. MOON, Her Majesty's Publisher and Printseller in Ordinary, 20, Threadneedle Street, has the honour to announce that he has received her Majesty's special command to publish an Engraving from the Superb Historical Painting of

THE CORONATION.

By E. T. PARRIS, Esq., Historical Painter to the Queen Dowager.

This grand picture—the chef d'œuvre of the talented and popular artist—unites, to an extraordinary extent, the most minute and accurate fidelity, with a grandeur of effect, and a permanent historical interest, infinitely surpassing any similar work of art hitherto attempted.

During the progress of the magnificent ceremonial, Mr. PARRIS was allowed, for the purposes of this Picture, to avail himself of the most eligible situations, and he has in consequence portrayed the scene with a scrupulous fidelity. Subsequently, he has had the advantage of sittings from the greater portion of the illustrious personages present, of whom original portraits are introduced assembled round the throne of our youthful Sovereign. Not only are all the Great Officers of State, the Foreign Visitors and the Attendant Courtiers, introduced in their respective situations; but near her Majesty is gathered a rich galaxy of female loveliness, arrayed in all the gorgeous and glittering costumes which the occasion required.

"Mr. Paris yesterday received the commands of the Queen to attend at the Palace this morning with his picture of the Coronation, when her Majesty has signified her intention to sit to him for the finishing of her portrait."—*Court Circular*, April 2.

It would be impossible to insert in this prospectus all the eulogiums which this superb production of art elicited from the leading Journals, during the few days it was on view at the Publisher's, Mr. Moon; but the following extracts are presumed to be worthy of public attention:—

"The fact that the likenesses are correct, will greatly enhance the value of the picture, as an historical document. Mr. Moon has secured the talents of one of the first engravers in the country to multiply this picture; and it is creditable to his enterprise, to have spared no expense to render its publication worthy the present state of the art."—*Times*.

"Mr. Parris, an artist of vast power and exquisite taste, and whose rising merits early in his career attracted the notice of that judicious and munificent patron of the arts, Sir Robert Peel, has in this Coronation picture so completely excelled himself, as to establish his claim to be placed very high indeed on the list of our native artists. We cannot conceive a picture better calculated for engraving, or more certainly destined to take its place in every collection of value or importance."—*John Bull*.

"A very interesting historical work of art, which is so disposed and constructed that it cannot fail of engraving with fine effect."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. E. T. Parris had the honour yesterday of submitting his grand Coronation picture to her Majesty's approbation, and was honoured with a final sitting."—*Court Circular*, April 4.

"The composition is skilfully managed."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The picture has evidently been painted with great care and exactness."—*Morning Herald*.

"One of the most superb works of art, and every way worthy of the scene it represents."—*Globe*.

"This production entitles Mr. Parris to the very greatest praise: its merits will always distinguish it as one of the best historical pictures on record. The grouping of the women is as tasteful as it is skilful; while their exquisite loveliness lends a relieving grace to the picture."—*Court Journal*.

"When we heard that Mr. Parris had undertaken to paint a picture of the late Coronation, we felt persuaded that it was just the kind of subject to which the peculiar talents and qualifications of that able and tasteful artist were calculated to do justice. The result has proved that our anticipation was well founded."—*Literary Gazette*.

Among the numerous Subscribers whose Names already honour the Subscription List for this grand National Engraving, are the following Illustrious Personages:—

Her Majesty the Queen
Her Majesty the Queen Dowager
His Majesty the King of Hanover
His Majesty the King of Belgium
His Majesty the King of the French
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent
Her Royal Highness the Princess Hohenlohe
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester
His Royal Highness the Prince of Leinengen
His Royal Highness the Duke de Nemours
His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury

Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland
His Grace the Duke of Norfolk
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire
His Grace the Duke of Bedford
His Grace the Duke of Sutherland
His Grace the Duke of Northumberland
Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland
His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch
His Grace the Duke of Somerset
His Grace the Duke of Hamilton
The Right Honourable Lord Rolle
The Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston

Now Ready,

CHALON'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

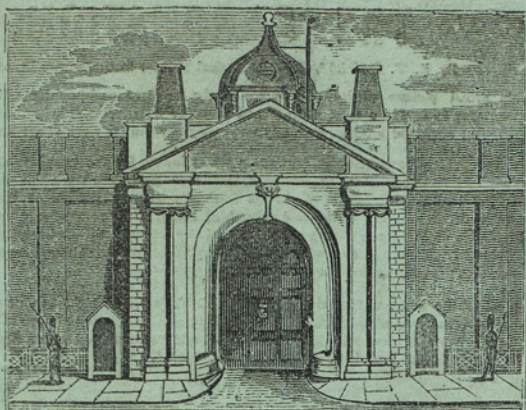
ON A REDUCED SIZE, HALF LENGTH,

From the celebrated Whole-length Picture by that eminent Painter. The unprecedented popularity of the large Plate has induced the Publisher to submit the above Engraving, in the highest style of Art, by Mr. WAGSTAFF.

Price to Subscribers:—Prints, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*; India Proofs, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Before Letters, 4*l.* 4*s.*

THOS. HARRIS & SON, OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY, OPPOSITE the ENTRANCE to

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THE chaste and ELEGANT WORKMANSHIP, joined to the LIGHT ELASTIC APPEARANCE and ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIORITY, of **T. HARRIS & SON'S IMPROVED SPECTACLES**, renders their use almost universal, whenever required by the deficiency or slight disorders of Vision.

As T. H. & SON have brought their Spectacles to such perfection, neither the young nor the fastidious can now object to wear them, since the countenance is not in the least disfigured; their SUPERIOR EFFICIENCY for PRESERVING the SIGHT is also one of their most important characteristics. T. H. & SON feel confident of securing the undivided patronage of all who have made **ONE TRIAL** of their **IMPROVED SPECTACLES**; they have, therefore, only to point out the **PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE** of a **FIRST CHOICE**. How many Purchasers of Spectacles from mere Trading Vendors (complete Empirics in the Optician's art), have seriously impaired or destroyed their Sight, and incurred FAR GREATER EXPENSES than they would have done, had their **FIRST CHOICE** been made at a respectable Optician's!

T. H. & SON, from their long experience, extensive business, and the success of the peculiar principle adopted by them in the grinding of their Crystals and Glasses (as well as from the improvements in their manufacture of Spectacles), have given entire satisfaction to many who had failed to obtain it from other eminent Opticians. This experience enables them to decide on WHAT KIND of Spectacles best suits the varieties of vision.

T. HARRIS & SON'S CRYSTAL SPECTACLES, THE BEST FOR PRESERVING THE SIGHT.



Solid Gold (Crystals).....	£2 8 0	Solid Gold (Crystals).....	£2 15 0	Standard Silver, Col. Glass	£1 6 0
Standard Silver (ditto).....	1 2 0	Standard Silver (ditto).....	1 6 0	Ditto and Tortoiseshell (do.)	1 6 0
Best Blue Steel (ditto).....	1 0 0	Best Blue Steel (ditto).....	1 4 0	Best Blue Steel (do.)	1 4 0

Solid Gold, with Glasses, No. 1, £2.; No. 2, £2. 7s. Standard Silver, No. 1, 13s.; No. 2, 17s.
Blue Steel, with Glasses, No. 1, 5s. & 9s.; Best 12s. No. 2, 6s. 6d. & 12s.; Best 16s.



Solid Gold (Glasses).....	£1 18 0	Gold (Glasses) from	£1. to £3 5 0	Gold (Glass).....	from 10s. to £1 4 0
Standard Silver (ditto).....	0 16 0	Standard Silver (ditto).....	1 2 0	Silver (ditto).....	0 5 0
Tortoiseshell (ditto).....	0 10 0	Tortoiseshell (ditto).....	0 17 0	Tortoiseshell (ditto).....	0 4 6



Solid Gold, with Tortoiseshell, or		Solid Gold, with Tortoiseshell	
Pearl (Glasses).....	£2 16 0	or Pearl (Glasses).....	£2 16 0
Standard Silver, ditto (ditto).....	1 6 0	Standard Silver, ditto (ditto)...	1 6 0

N.B. The Hand Spectacles, if with Crystals, 8s. per pair extra.

52, Great Russell Street. { Established } **No other Connexion.**
60 Years.